"THE SURE THING"

An Original Screenplay

By

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SECOND DRAFT
April 20, 1983
Reg. WGAw.
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How far would you go?

FADE IN:

EXT. CALIFORNIA BEACH DAY (TITLE SEQUENCE)

A white, virgin beach. Brilliant green palm trees sway slightly under a cloudless sky. Cool, blue waves wash against the sand. In the distance, a sailboat glides across the flat ocean.

The relentless, steady and suggestive beat of ROCK MUSIC explodes as a shapely woman in skintight jeans and a T-shirt, carrying a large bag, saunters across the empty beach, searching for the right spot in which to bake.

She is about eighteen. A trim, tight body which knows how to move. Brown silky hair which blends with her deeply tanned, smooth, soft skin...

She spreads out her blanket carefully on the sand, then squeezes out of her jeans, revealing a minuscule string bikini bottom and two long, lithe, luscious legs...

Oh yeah.

She twists and bends as she pulls her tight T-shirt over her head. Her bikini top barely restrains firm perfect breasts...

Oh yeah.

A crudely-drawn arrow appears on the upper lefthand corner of the screen, pointing toward the woman as she lazily stretches out her limbs in the hot, soothing sun. She shakes her long hair in the ocean breeze as the following words appear above the arrow:

"THE SURE THING"

The TITLES continue as THE SURE THING applies suntan lotion slowly and sensuously all over...

Finally, she lies down on her stomach, unfastens the back of her bikini top, then writhes under the warm, restful rays until she is comfortable. She closes her eyes to relax and enjoy just as the TITLES end.

Oh yeah.

SLOW FADE OUT:

GIB'S VOICE
(authoritative)
Consider outer space...

SLOW FADE IN:

EXT. SKY NIGHT (ROCKVILLE, MD. PRESENT)

A clear late summer night. A thousand shimmering, twinkling stars gradually FADE IN against the black sky.

GIB'S VOICE
...It looks like the least stressful place imaginable, but from the time of the first NASA mission, it became evident that being in space has profound effects upon the human psyche...

GIRL'S VOICE
Really?

GIB'S VOICE
...For the first Gemini mission--one capsule, two astronauts--some thought was actually given to the notion of sending up a man and a woman together...

GIRL'S VOICE
Really?

GIB'S VOICE
...But in 1964, the world wasn't ready for coeducation in the stratosphere...

The CAMERA slowly CRANES DOWN from the stars revealing that a field party full of rowdy high school students is in full swing behind a deserted high school. A circle of cars has parked on the field so their headlights all point toward the center, illuminating an impromptu dance floor. A lone couple dances self-consciously to the raucous ROCK MUSIC blasting from the car radios which are all tuned to the same station.

GIB'S VOICE
...Today, however, the time is ripe...

The CRANE SHOT continues and we see, in the foreground, WALTER "GIB" GIBSON, eighteen, handsome in a clean-cut All-American way, wearing a letter jacket emblazoned with patches and pins, leaning against the side of a car, conversing with a pretty GIRL.

CLOSE UP GIB GIBSON

pauses for a moment. He smiles slyly at the girl.

GIB
...Perhaps you'd like to accompany me to my car where we could rehearse for just such a mission?

A long pause as Gib turns to the girl and waits for her reaction.

GIRL
(surprised)
That's it? One capsule, two astronauts?

Gib nods eagerly.

GIRL
Coeducation in space?

GIB
(excited)
Yeah, that's it!

GIRL
...then the girl crawls into the back seat?

She picks up her purse and prepares to leave.

GIRL
Well, forget it, Gib. This mission has just been aborted.

She starts to walk away. Gib watches her, stunned.

GIB
You don't have to crawl!
(beat)
And I was planning on the front seat!

She ignores him.

GIB
(desperate)
It reclines!

LANCE HENDERSON

watches Gib from a distance and winces. Lance wears his hair long, almost in a shag, and is hipper than Gib. He takes a beer from the sixpack which is looped through his belt and walks toward Gib.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANCE
Gib, my boy, that was pathetic. I've seen better lines on bathroom walls.

He offers Gib a beer. Gib turns to him with a start.

GIB
(protesting)
Hey, I put a lot of work into that routine!

He takes the beer.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL NIGHT MOMENTS LATER

The ROCK MUSIC from the field party echoes in the distance. Gib and Lance, nursing beers, walk across the vast, empty parking lot toward the high school.

GIB
Miss it? Are you kidding? My high school career sucked.
(plaintively)
Three times in four years!

They walk alongside the high school. Lance pulls at a locked door to see if it's open.

LANCE
Don't let it get you down, man. There's always college. Your own room. No parents. All those lonely, unfulfilled girls who promised to be faithful to their boyfriends...

He sips his beer and smiles yearningly at the prospect.

LANCE
Besides--it's not over yet. You can still leave with fond memories. You have tonight. Make the most of it.
(sips his beer)
All you need is a new technique and a lot of foliage.

Gib looks at Lance with interest and BURPS, loudly and self-satisfied.

EXT. FIELD PARTY LATER

The fast ROCK MUSIC is overwhelmingly loud. Lance massages Gib's shoulders, pounding him like a trainer preparing a boxer for a fight, as Gib sips his beer and gazes across the field at the target.

JULIE

a pretty, brown-haired girl in a halter top and short shorts stands with a group of her girlfriends at the edge of the dance floor. She beats her foot in time to the music. You can tell she'd like to dance.

The MUSIC abruptly shifts to a slow ROMANTIC SONG. Behind Julie, the dance floor begins to fill up as guys finally make their move.

GIB AND LANCE

LANCE
That's your cue. Now stay calm and speak in syllables.
(slaps Gib on the back)
And remember, you'll never have another chance like this.

Gib nods intently, then starts to walk toward Julie.

LANCE
Hey Gib.

Gib stops and turns to Lance who smiles a little sheephishly.

LANCE
If you get lucky tonight, I won't see you before you leave.
(extends his hand)
Have a great semester.

Gib stares at Lance. They've known each other since the first grade. This is an emotional moment. They solemnly shake hands.

GIB
You too Lance. And have fun in California.

LANCE
(smiling, embarrassed)
I'll do my best.

They continue to shake hands foolishly. Neither wants to be the first to say goodbye.

LANCE
(finally)
Later, man.

GIB
(softly)
Later.

Gib grins, salutes ceremoniously, then spins around and marches to the front.

JULIE

watches longingly as a guy approaches one of her friends and asks her to dance. Gib sidles up next to Julie but she is too absorbed watching the action on the dance floor to notice.

GIB
Look, I have to talk quickly. We can't just stand around like this. I'm leaving tomorrow. Do you realize what that means?

Julie turns to him and smiles.

JULIE
Isn't this a great song? I go crazy when I hear good music...

GIB
(ignoring her)
...It means that tonight could mark the end of our relationship. This could be the last time in our entire lives that we see each other...

JULIE
This song really gets me going. I lose all my inhibitions...

GIB
(doggedly)
...But don't worry. We still have tonight. Let's make the most of it.

JULIE
What a hot beat!
(looks at Gib meaningfully)
For dancing...

GIB
(desperate)
...We'll never have another chance like this!

Julie smiles warmly at another GUY.

GIB
Am I getting anywhere?

The other GUY approaches Julie.

GUY
(gruffly)
Wanna dance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julie nods and the guy takes her hand, leading her to the dance floor where everyone is getting down, stomping to the FAST MUSIC. The guy and Julie, however, tenderly put their arms around each other and start to slow dance.

GIB

watches in dismay.

GUY AND JULIE

sway in perfect harmony. The guy guides Julie through the crowd, off the dance floor, between two cars and into the night.

GIB

watches in disbelief.

GUY AND JULIE

form a white speck twirling and weaving against the black void of night until they slowly vanish into it.

SLOW FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BROWN UNIVERSITY, PROVIDENCE, R.I. MORNING (1MONTH LATER)

We see a sign which says BROWN UNIVERSITY, then PULL BACK to an ESTABLISHING SHOT of the lovely, distinguished-looking campus.

GIB'S VOICE
...then I danced her off into the night, and the night had just begun, if you know what I mean...

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM, GIB'S DORM MORNING

A guy and girl student enter together, wearing only towels, passing Gib, JIMBO, his hulking football player roommate, and WILL, tall, skinny with wire-frame glasses, who are shaving at adjoining sinks.

GIB
(sighing)
...Yeah, those were the days.

The couple heads for the shower.

WILL
(wistfully)
Yeah, high school was great!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

From the shower, we can hear the couple LAUGHING and GIGGLING.

GIB
It's been over a month already. Face it--college sucks. Nobody gets laid here.

WILL
(solemnly)
Nobody.

Another couple wearing towels enters but has to wait in line since the shower is already occupied.

JIMBO
I don't know about that.

GIB
That's 'cause you happen to be a famous exception. Other than you, nobody gets laid here. I don't even think seniors get laid here.

The LAUGHING from the shower gets LOUDER. Another couple enters and gets in line for the shower. Gib finishes shaving. He gathers his stuff and heads for the door.

GIB
What's the use? I'm turning over a new leaf. I'm tired of wasting my time.
(beat)
From now on, I'm concentrating on school.

He reaches for the door just as yet another couple in towels enters the bathroom, brushing past him.

GIB
(oblivious)
Excuse me.

INT. CAMPUS POST OFFICE LATER THAT MORNING

Teems with activity. Gib peers into one of the hundreds of post office boxes, then reaches in and takes his mail.

He's received a postcard. He turns it over:

CLOSE UP WRITTEN SIDE OF POSTCARD

LANCE'S VOICE
"Dear Gib,
This is the ugliest girl in California..."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The postcard is flipped over and we see:

An incredibly beautiful girl in a tiny bikini against a white California beach. We begin to hear the SOUND of WAVES CRASHING AGAINST THE SAND very faintly.

LANCE'S VOICE
"Having a wonderful time.
Your pal, Lance."

The girl on the postcard smiles alluringly at Gib.

INT. FRESHMAN WRITING CLASS LATER

Gib sits in the back, still gazing at the postcard from Lance.

PROFESSOR ELAIN TAUB, a fat woman in her mid-fifties, wearing a cape and beret and smoking a cigarette in a holder, is busy handing back papers.

TAUB
(to class)
This week's assignment is to rewrite last week's assignment. Remember, 'As the dog returneth to his own vomit, so does the fool to his folly.'

Taub returns a paper to a girl sitting in the second row.

TAUB
Now, Margaret--when I suggested working on style, I didn't mean for you to dot the "i's" with little flowers. And honey--lose the lavender ink. Strains the eyes.

She moves on to ALISON BRADBURY who sits in the center seat in the front row. Alison is the prettiest girl in the room, in fact, the prettiest girl in any room she enters, but she's too busy to notice it. She's very directed, very disciplined and very concerned with the state of the economy and her future. She's not a prude. Alison likes to have a good time. It's just that she doesn't know what a good time is.

TAUB
(to Alison)
Alison--this paper is remarkably mature. Don't touch a word. It's perfect. You've earned a vacation this week.

Taub turns away from her and resumes handing out papers. Alison raises her hand.

CONTINUED:

ALISON
Is it okay if I write another paper? I still think I could use the experience.

Taub turns to face Alison.

TAUB
Don't be so serious, Alison. Have some fun for a change. Sleep late. Eat an entire pizza. Ride a moped naked through the streets!
(turns to class)
LIFE is the ultimate experience!

Enough said, Taub returns a few more papers, then approaches Gib who is still examining Lance's postcard. Taub gazes at Gib severely.

TAUB
(sternly)
Mr. Gibson.

Gib slowly looks from the postcard. Dramatically, as if to a drum roll, Taub touches her lit cigarette to the bottom edge of Gib's paper. The paper starts to go up in flames as she hands it back to him. Alison watches this wordlessly. Gib stares at his paper in amazement then frantically starts to bat the flames out with his notebook.

EXT. CAMPUS GREEN AFTER CLASS

Gib and Will walk back to their dorm as Gib examines the postcard from Lance. About five yards or so ahead of them walk Alison and her friend NANCY.

GIB
It's different in California. I read a study. The sun has a profound effect on the female psyche. It stimulates the hormones and turns ordinary women into pleasure kittens.

WILL
I thought you were going to concentrate on your work.

GIB
The biggest challenge out there is finding time to sleep.

Gib looks up from his card and notices Alison's rear-end.

CONTINUED:

GIB
(admiring the view)
I'd like to find some time for <u>that</u>.

WILL
(looks up, agreeing)
Nice smile!

ALISON AND NANCY

Alison is too deep in discussion to notice Gib and Will behind her. Nancy isn't listening. She glances back at Gib and Will and smiles knowingly to herself.

ALISON
Why did Professor Taub single me out when she said 'Life is the ultimate experience?' I think I've done my share of living.

NANCY
What do you think of that guy Gib Gibson?

Alison considers the question gravely.

ALISON
Well, if my paper got burned, I would have burst into tears. At first, I thought he <u>was</u> crying but it was just the smoke getting into his eyes.
(beat)
I feel sorry for him.

NANCY
Yeah, well he's got a cute ass.

GIB AND WILL

Gib stares ahead, transfixed.

GIB
Yeah, but she'd never go out with me. She likes the intellectual type.

WILL
(agreeing)
Well, that counts you out.

They walk in silence for a few moments.

GIB
I don't know. I think I'm sorta intellectual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL
(laughing)
No way! You're flunking English. That's your mother tongue.
(beat)
Of course, she might go out with you out of pity.

Gib looks at Will then hands him his books.

GIB
Hold these a second.

He hesitates, takes a deep breath, then runs toward Alison. He walks behind the girls for a few moments before summoning up enough courage to tap Alison on the shoulder.

GIB
Alison?

Alison and Nancy turn around. Nancy smiles broadly at Gib.

GIB
(to Alison)
"Me and my brother wanted to go catch frogs."

ALISON
What?

GIB
"Me and my brother wanted to go catch frogs."

ALISON
You're not making any sense.

Gib smiles triumphantly.

GIB
Exactly. That's what Professor Taub says.

He indicates with his finger an underlined sentence on what's left of his paper.

ALISON
(correcting him)
"My brother and I wanted to go catch frogs."

GIB
Gee, we have a lot in common.

CONTINUED:

He smiles sweetly at her.

ALISON
What do you want?

GIB
Help.
(beat)
I'm flunking.

Alison stares at Gib for a few moments, sizing him up.

ALISON
Fine. How about tonight?

GIB
But it's Friday!

Alison opens her Activity Diary to write it down.

ALISON
So?
(checks schedule, thinking aloud)
Six o'clock, dinner; six thirty, calculus; seven thirty, shower; seven forty-five, phone call.
(looks at Gib)
Eight o'clock?

GIB
Great!

Alison jots down the time then hands Gib her pen. Gib examines it quizzically.

ALISON
Aren't you going to write it down?

GIB
(smiling)
Oh sure.

He writes the time down on his hand then returns her pen. Alison stares at his hand, curious.

GIB
It's okay. I never wash.

He turns around and races back to Will. Alison shrugs then resumes walking with Nancy. In the background, Gib and Will slap five.

EXT. DORM WINDOW EVENING

A shirtless FRAT GUY #1 suddenly appears in the window and shouts to the world:

CONTINUED:

FRAT GUY #1
IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT!!!

He disappears for a split second then re-emerges carrying a giant speaker which he places in the window blasting ROCK MUSIC.

EXT. ANOTHER DORM WINDOW

Directly across the quad from Frat Guy #1, the windows rattle. FRAT GUY #2 looks out, sees Frat Guy #1, then disappears. He reappears moments later and places an even bigger speaker in his window blasting a different ROCK SONG.

FRAT GUY #1

Around him, windows rattle fiercely. Frat Guy #1 ignores them, smiles arrogantly, then turns his MUSIC up louder and leans out his window to gloat.

FRAT GUY #2

CRANKS his MUSIC up even LOUDER as if he were revving the engine of a powerful sports car.

FRAT GUY #1

wears a grim but determined expression. He turns his MUSIC up even LOUDER. The MUSIC is DEAFENING.

Suddenly, several windows shatter one after the other. Frat Guy #1's speaker BLOWS UP, WHINING STATIC and gushing smoke. Frat Guy #1 stares at it, horrified.

FRAT GUY #2's

SONG has prevailed. He leans out his window and raise his arms, "Rocky" style,in victory.

INT. GIB'S DORM ROOM FRIDAY EVENING

Frat Guy #2's ROCK MUSIC echoes in the distance. Inside the room, it's dark and quiet. About ten guys, including Will, sit in a circle listening intently to Jimbo who is shirtless and is reading aloud, pencil in hand.

JIMBO
"...I had pretty much resigned myself to another night of reading your magazine when there was a knock on my dorm room door. I hastily pulled up my gym shorts as best I could and opened the door..."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Unlike the others, Gib is busy in the corner trying on shirts. He can't find one he likes.

JIMBO
"...I could hardly believe my eyes. There were two of the foxiest chicks I had ever seen in my life..."

The guys hang on every word. The tension is too much. Will starts to laugh uneasily. The other guys look up at him annoyed.

JIMBO
"...They said they were looking for the brother of the taller one. Her name was Kim and she about five foot five...no, let's make that five foot seven..."

Jimbo pauses to make the change on his paper. The guys glance at each other nervously.

GUY #1
(eager for more)
Go on!

JIMBO
"...with long brunette hair, legs that wouldn't quit and firm tits which defied gravity..."

Suddenly, the guys EXPLODE!

GUYS
OH YEAH!!!

JIMBO
"...I invited them in to use my phone..."

GUYS
OH YEAH!!!!!

JIMBO
"...and we fired up a bowl of some killer Colombian..."

The guys are going crazy.

GUYS
OH YEAH!!!!!!!

Jimbo looks up from what he's been reading.

CONTINUED:

JIMBO
That's all I've written so far.
(stands and points to door)
...THE REST IS UP TO YOU!!

EXT. GIB'S DORM ROOM

GUYS
OH YEAH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The guys burst out the door in a mad rush like a rabid football team charging out for the second half.

Gib is the last in line, but is equally frenzied. He races down the hall past a mirror, then stops and examines himself. He hesitates for a moment, then sprints back to his room.

INT. GIB'S DORM ROOM

Gib rushes to his bureau and takes off his shirt. He turns to Jimbo who is still on his bed, writing.

GIB
(indicating new shirt)
Think this shirt is studious enough?

JIMBO
(busy writing)
How do you spell zucchini?

GIB
Z-U-C-C-H-I-N-I
(holds up another shirt)
I wonder what technique I should use tonight?

Jimbo looks up from his writing.

JIMBO
The same technique you should always use. Sincerity.

Gib looks at Jimbo strangely. He's never heard of that technique.

GIB
What do you mean?

JIMBO
It's not what you say that counts, but how you say it.

He motions for Gib to sit down on the bed next to him. Gib sits down. Both of them are bare-chested.

JIMBO
Listen. This is how I got Lucy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jimbo moves closer to Gib and stares him in the face.

JIMBO
(softly)
You know, I've never met anyone like you before...

Jimbo inches closer to Gib.

JIMBO
...Usually when I meet someone new, I feel awkward and shy...

Jimbo places his hand on Gib's shoulder. Gib listens, entranced. Will and a couple of the guys appear in the doorway.

GUY #1
C'mon! Where's Gib?

WILL
(hushing him)
Shhhh!

They watch in silence.

JIMBO
...But with you it's different...

He puts his other hand on Gib's knee. He stares deep into Gib's eyes.

JIMBO
...I can talk to you. You know what I'm thinking without my having to explain it to you in fancy terms...

The guys watch in disbelief.

JIMBO
...We speak each other's unspoken language...

Jimbo inches even closer to Gib so that their faces are almost touching.

JIMBO
(whispering)
...I love you...

Gib stares at Jimbo, transfixed. What a technique. The guys can't contain themselves any longer.

WILL
Don't do it Gib!

CONTINUED:

GUY #1
Not on the first date!

GUY #2
He'll never respect you again!

Gib and Jimbo look up in surprise. The guys run in and pull them apart like referees separating boxers, then bombard them pillows.

EXT. ALISON'S DORM EVENING

It's Friday night and the air is full of energy and expectations. To enter Alison's dorm, Gib has to weave his way through a crowded patio where a cookout is getting underway.

INT. HALLWAY, ALISON'S DORM

Gib squeezes down the hallway where a bunch of guys and girls chat over drinks. He hugs the wall as he makes his way past a group of guys playing a violent game of hall-hockey.

Finally, Gib stands outside Alison's dorm. He straigtens his clothing and hair, then KNOCKS. ALISON'S VOICE tells him to enter.

INT. ALISON'S ROOM

Gib slowly enters. The room is dark except for a lamp illuminating a desk and adjacent bed where Alison sits in her robe talking on the the telephone.

ALISON
(into phone, curious)
Jason, have you ever eaten an entire pizza?
(beat)
I didn't think so. Never mind. How're things in L.A.?

She motions Gib to sit down.

ALISON
That's good. No, this place is dead. Jason, I have to go. I'll send you that article on civil liability.
(beat)
Yes, I do.
(beat)
No, you tell me how much first.
(beat)
Well, I love you very, very, very very, very much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She WHISPERS a few indistinguishable but private words, then finally hangs up and turns to Gib.

ALISON
Hi Gib, sorry I'm running late. We're usually done by eight. Ready in a minute.

She goes into the closet to change, leaving the door ajar. Gib examines the room and notices a framed photograph of an intellectual-looking guy on Alison's desk. Gib glances quickly at the closet then places the photograph face down on the desk.

INT. LIBRARY NIGHT

Gib follows Alison through the deserted, cavernous halls of the library. They walk through several huge rooms, full of long tables and carrels--all empty.

GIB
Jesus, there's nobody here!

Alison walks purposefully. Gib trots to keep up.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF LIBRARY NIGHT

A trap door pops open. Alison, then Gib, climbs onto the roof. Above them, the stars glow in the night. Around them, the city lights sparkle.

A moment of silence to digest it all. Alison walks over to the edge of the roof to gaze at the lights. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. The night breeze billows her hair.

ALISON
Calculus or biology you can do anywhere but you need a real conducive setting for writing. That's rule number one.

Gib gazes at Alison.

GIB
Yeah, it's real conducive out tonight.

He looks up at the stars. Alison sits down against a wall, under a light and takes out her books. Gib sits down next to her, then points up at the sky.

GIB
That's Ursa Major over there--the big bear--and over there's Ursa Minor. That's the little bear. Up to the North there, that's Cassiopea.

Alison gazes up a the stars.

CONTINUED:

GIB
Those stars in the middle that look sort of like a "W"--those are called Cassiopeia's Chair.

ALISON
(smiling, impressed)
Cassiopea? She was the mother of Andromeda, right?

GIB
Really? I just know the names.
(points)
That's Andromeda there, next to Cassiopeia.

ALISON
Andromeda was the princess who got chained to a rock. She was supposed to be sacrificed to a sea serpent.

GIB
(interested)
Did he get her?

ALISON
(laughing)
No, Perseus rescued her at the last minute.

GIB
He's up there too. Right next to Andromeda.

They both look up at the sky. Gib turns to Alison.

GIB
Did <u>he</u> get her?

They lock eyes for a moment, then Alison looks away.

ALISON
You know a lot about astronomy.

GIB
(slowly)
I'm eighteen and I still want to be an astronaut. Just like when I six...
(gazes at her)
You know a lot of mythology. Let me guess, when you were six you wanted to be a classics professor, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A long pause. Alison gazes up at the stars.

ALISON
No--I wanted to be a princess.

She looks at him. There is an awkward silence.

ALISON
So. Did you bring your paper?

GIB
Right here.
(coyly)
Are you sure you want it?

ALISON
(smiling)
C'mon, it can't be that bad.

Gib fumbles through his books, then hands his paper to her. As Alison reads it, Gib subtly starts to lean toward her.

ALISON
(not looking up)
Do you have to sit so close? It's really distracting.

Gib retreats a few millimeters. Alison keeps reading. Gib watches her closely. She looks terrific. Gib notices her hands, her profile, her thighs, the graceful swell of her breasts...

ALISON
(reading, thinking aloud to herself)
This is that bad. This is awful. I see why she burned it.

Gib slowly inches toward her again.

GIB
It gets worse.
(softly)
You know, Alison, I've never met anyone like you before...

Alison looks up at Gib, surprised.

GIB
...Usually when I meet someone new, I feel awkward and shy, but with you it's different. I can talk to you...

He moves even closer to her. Alison starts to back away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIB
...You know what I'm thinking without my having to explain it to you in fancy terms. We speak each other's unspoken language...

ALISON
(alarmed)
What are you talking about?

She looks up at him. Their faces are almost touching. Gib stares deeply into her eyes.

GIB
(whispering)
...Alison, I love you!

He lunges for her, trying to pull her to him for the big kiss. Alison tries to push him away, reaches for one of her books, then hits him hard over the head with it.

GIB
Ouch!

He rubs his head in pain. Alison stands up quickly and gathers the rest of her books.

ALISON
Did that hurt?

GIB
(stops rubbing his head, manfully)
No, not at all.

Alison immediately hits him harder on the head with her books.

GIB
Alison! OW!! I'm sorry!

ALISON
No, you're not. You had the whole thing planned!

She opens the trap door.

ALISON
You know, I've read about guys like you in psych class. Next time you need help, wear a straitjacket!!

She climbs down, SLAMMING the door behind her. Gib rubs his head and stares at the trapdoor, dejected.

Slowly, he stands and walks to the edge of the building and looks down.

GROUND BELOW

Alison walks briskly from the library, but pauses to look up at Gib for a second. A couple of people entering the library turn to see what Alison is looking at. They see Gib standing on the edge of the roof. Alison continues on her way.

PERSON #1
There's somebody up there!

PERSON #2
Is he gonna jump?

More people gather and look up. A crowd is forming.

PERSON #3
There's somebody up there and he's gonna jump!

GIB ON ROOF

doesn't notice the crowd gathering below. He watches Alison disappear across the green, then gazes silently into the night. Suddenly he hears a VOICE behind him:

MAN (o.s.)
Having trouble with a girl, son?

Gib turns. MACK, a uniformed, middle-aged security guard, stands behind him, breathing heavily from running up the stairs.

GIB
Well, sort of.

Mack slowly and cautiously moves closer to Gib.

MACK
Classes aren't going so hot, either, right?

GIB
(amazed)
Yeah--how did you know that?

Mack puts his hand on Gib's shoulder--firmly--and tries to direct him away from the edge of the roof.

MACK
You're not the first student who's come up here after a breakup and a bad test. Could you move away from the edge please?

Two more security guards scamper up through the trap door onto the roof. Mack waves them back. Gib sees what's going on.

GIB
It's not what you think. We were studying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACK
(taking Gib by the arm)
I don't understand you kids. If you'd jumped, you would have been expelled for defacing school property. You want to ruin your life?
(turns to other guards, shouting)
NOW!!

Instantly, the other guards surround Gib, lift him and carry him off, his legs churning in mid-air.

INT. GIB'S DORM ROOM NIGHT LATER

Gib enters, tired and depressed. Jimbo lies in bed with LUCY, his girlfriend, naked under the sheets, reading the Enquirer together.

GIB
(dully)
Hey Jimbo. Hi Lucy.

LUCY
(smiling)
Hi Gib. I brought you a piece of pie. It's on your desk.

Gib goes over and prods listlessly at the pie, then pushes it away. Jimbo and Lucy look at each in surprise. Gib rubs the bump on his head.

JIMBO
So how'd it go? Did she fall for it?
(beat)
What happened to your head?

Gib doesn't respond. He rips the sheets from his bed.

GIB
(finally)
It's not like I'm asking for much. All I want is a girl who's sensitive to my needs. A girl who's honest about sex.

He gathers up his sheets, the blanket and the pillow from his bed.

GIB
A girl who likes to get it, who knows she likes to get it and who you don't have to bullshit to get it, and even if you do bullshit her, you still get it.

Lucy and Jimbo stare at Gib with confused expressions. Gib opens his dresser and takes out a change of clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIB
And she should be the kind of girl who when you walk into a party with her, everyone turns around and notices...

Gib opens the door and exits. Lucy and Jimbo look at each other, baffled by Gib's discourse.

LUCY
What's with him?

Suddenly, the door bursts open. Gib pops his head in.

GIB
And she's got to have long hair!

He exits again, closing the door behind him.

INT. DINING HALL LUNCHTIME

The place is packed. Gib, Will and a couple of the other GUYS eat lunch at a table.

GUY #1
...If you were a girl, would you wear a bra or would you let your tits all hang out?

Gib concentrates on his food while the other guys consider the question gravely. Will turns to Gib.

WILL
So how'd it go last night?

GIB
(curtly)
Fine.

GUY #2
(to Guy #1)
...I think it would depend on my tits...

Alison appears nearby with a tray of food, searching for a seat. Will spots her.

WILL
Hey Alison, you wanna pull up a chair?

Alison smiles and approaches the table. Gib looks away, trying to hide his face. Alison starts to sit down when she notices Gib.

ALISON
(standing abruptly)
I'm not sitting with the pervert!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She walks away. Gib stares down at his food, embarrassed.

There is a moment of silence as the guys turn to Gib, deeply impressed. Then, all at once, they congratulate him, slapping him on the back, shaking his hand and mussing his hair.

INT. DORM HALLWAY EARLY MORNING

In the distance, we can hear BELLS signalling the start of class. Students hurry down the hall to make it on time. Lucy and Jimbo emerge from their room, passing Gib who is sound asleep on a bench in the hallway.

Within seconds, the hallway is deserted. Gib slowly wakes up, glances at his watch, then jumps to his feet. He is late for class.

INT. GIB'S ROOM

Gib frantically gets dressed, gathers his books, grabs some pages from the typewriter, then races for class.

INT. FRESHMAN WRITING CLASS MORNING

Professor Taub has just finished reading a paper aloud to the class.

TAUB
Excellent as usual, Alison.
(turns to class)
Anyone else want to volunteer a story?

Suddenly, the entire class is busy--looking away, taking notes, adjusting books etc.

Gib bursts into the room. He noisily finds a seat in the front row next to Alison. Taub smiles when she sees him.

TAUB
(pleased)
Mr. Gibson!

GIB
(weakly)
Me?

Taub nods and extends her palm.

TAUB
Your story?

Gib pulls some typed pages from the back of his folder without looking at them and hands them to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAUB
Thank you.
(reading aloud)
"I am a freshman at a small North-eastern college. I never thought these letters were real until a few days ago when Ihad an experience that changed my mind. I just had to share it with you..."

The men in class begin to look up, interested. Alison glances at Gib curiously. Gib looks very, very puzzled. Taub clears her throat, then continues.

TAUB
"I am 6'2" with dark hair, an athletic build from football and am considered good-looking by my friends. I'm not a boastful kind of guy, but I must explain, for the sake of clarity, that I am relatively well-equipped with 10" of solid man-meat..."

The women look up, suddenly very attentive.

TAUB
"...Still, it had been a dry season as far as girls were concerned..."

Gib frantically raises his hand. Taub is too interested in the material to notice.

GIB
Professor Taub?
Professor Taub!!

TAUB
(intrigued)
Not now, Mr. Gibson.
(continues reading)
"I had pretty much resigned myself to another night of reading your magazine when there was a knock on my dorm room door. I hastily pulled up my gym shorts as best I could and opened the door..."

The class leans forward, hanging on every word.

TAUB
"I could hardly believe my eyes. There were two of the foxiest chicks I had ever seen in my life..."

Alison looks at Gib, horrified.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAUB
"...They said they were looking for the brother of the taller one. Her name was Kim and she was about five foot seven with long legs that wouldn't quit and firm tits which defied gravity..."

Gib lowers himself in his seat and covers his face.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BROWN UNIVERSITY DAY

A cold, gray day. It's snowing heavily. The campus is blanketed in white. It's a scene straight out of Currier and Ives.

INT. GIB'S ROOM DAY

Gib enters wearing heavy winter clothing. He brushes the snow off his coat, takes off his gloves and blows on his hands to warm them. He reaches into his pockets and takes out a postcard from Lance.

CLOSE UP POSTCARD

Another gorgeous girl in a tiny bikini standing along the beach.

INT. GIB'S ROOM

Gib tucks the card into the mirror alongside ten other postcards of California girls.

We begin to hear the SOUND of WAVES AGAINST THE BEACH. Gib gazes into the mirror, looking very forlorn.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GIB'S ROOM NIGHT

Gib lies on his bench, eating the last of a piece of pie. As he prepares to go to sleep, he sees several couples, holding hands and looking lovey-dovey, walk by and enter various rooms together.

Everybody has somebody except for Gib. He punches his pillow in dismay. From inside Gib's dorm room we hear a PHONE RING.

The door opens a crack and a hand passes out a phone.

LUCY (o.s.)
It's for you,Gib. Long distance.

Gib picks up the phone.

GIB
Hello?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE
Hey, old buddy, gettin' any?

Gib's face lights up as he recognizes the voice.

GIB
Lance!

EXT. JACUZZI, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA NIGHT

Lance sits in a bubbling, steaming jacuzzi, nursing a drink, puffing on a cigar, in between two beauties in bikinis.

LANCE
Gib, it's eighty degrees out here and it's nine o'clock at night. I'm sitting in a jacuzzi with a daiquiri, a cigar and several spiritual young ladies.
(beat)
What are you doing?

INT. HALLWAY

Another couple holding hands passes Gib and enter a dorm room together.

GIB
Oh, you know, the usual.

EXT. JACUZZI

Lance laughs and kisses one of the beauties on the cheek.

LANCE
Yankin' your own meat, huh?

INT. HALLWAY

GIB
In a nutshell.

EXT. JACUZZI

LANCE
Well, Gib, your problems are over.

He slowly exhales the smoke from his cigar, forming smoke rings.

LANCE
Gib, there's someone out here I think you oughta meet. She's really fantastic.
(cupping mouthpiece with hand, whispers loudly)
And she's a sure thing, Gib. A sure thing!!!

INT. HALLWAY

Gib listens intently.

GIB
(suspiciously)
What's she look like?

LANCE'S VOICE
Try this on for size. Imagine two long, lithe, luscious legs...

CUT TO:

EXT. CALIFORNIA BEACH DAY

We see two long, lithe, luscious legs against a white virgin beach. Brilliant green palm trees sway slightly under a cloudless sky. Cool blue waves wash against the sand. In the distance, a sailboat glides across the flat ocean.

LANCE'S VOICE
Two of 'em, man...Trim, tight body that really knows how to move...

We see a trim tight body that really knows how to move.

LANCE'S VOICE
...The skin is soft and deeply tanned. It's almost religious, Gib...

We see soft, deeply tanned skin.

LANCE'S VOICE
...Breasts. Gib, what can you say about perfection? And there's two of them, too...

We see firm perfect breasts.

LANCE'S VOICE
...Long, brown, silky hair...

A beautiful, shapely woman of eighteen, wearing a minuscule string bikini, lies on her side, facing the CAMERA. She is THE SURE THING, the same woman in the TITLE SEQUENCE. She tosses her hair, licks her lips, and smiles invitingly.

LANCE'S VOICE
...and Gib, she loves sex...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. GIB'S DORM

Gib leaps down the stairs, running as fast as he can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANCE'S VOICE
Now, I've told her all about you and she wants to meet you...

EXT. GIB'S DORM NIGHT

Gib bursts out the door.

LANCE'S VOICE
...But you have to get here by the 22nd...

EXT. CAMPUS GREEN

The campus is dark and empty except for a long figure, Gib, who races across it in his pajamas.

LANCE'S VOICE
...'cause we're off for vacation after that...

INT. CAMPUS POST OFFICE

Gib, gasping for breath after his long run, rushes to the ride board which hangs in the post office. He anxiously scans the board:

Maryland, North Dakota, Kentucky, Connecticut, New York...

Los Angeles, California!!!

LANCE'S VOICE
...So, you think you can drag your ass out here before Christmas?

Gib rips down the ad for the ride to Los Angeles and jams it in his pocket. He runs from the post office.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET CORNER EARLY MORNING

A cold, dreary morning. Gib sits on a suitcase, half asleep, waiting for his ride.

A car, overloaded with baggage, pulls up and BEEPS. Gib looks up with a start. The window on the passenger's side of the car rolls down and a woman sticks her head out. The woman, MARY ANN, is around twenty-one and a senior at Brown. She doesn't look like a student; she looks like somebody's wife.

MARY ANN
Are you Gib?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before Gib can respond, the man behind the wheel of the car turns to him. His name is NORMAN. He's also a senior but looks older. He wants to be an accountant and it already shows.

NORMAN
(pointedly)
There's no more room in the trunk because Mrs. Santa Claus here hogged it all.

MARY ANN
(hurt)
What's wrong with a few gifts?

Gib quickly grabs his suitcase, opens the rear door of the car, and shoves the suitcase upright into the middle of the backseat, the other side of which appears to be stuffed with dufflebags, packs, etc. He pushes the suitcase hard to make room for himself. From the other side of the backseat, we suddenly hear:

WOMAN'S VOICE
OUCH!!

Gib climbs into the car and comes face to face with Alison, who peers over Gib's suitcase which divides the backseat in half. They are both too stunned to see the other to speak. The car starts to move.

(NOTE: THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE SHOULD BE DELIVERED RAPID-FIRE AND SHOULD OVERLAP)

GIB
(to Alison; surprised)
What are you doing here?

MARY ANN
(to Norman)
...Besides, half of them will be from you. The nightie, for instance...

ALISON
(to Gib; outraged)
I'm going to California to see my boyfriend! What are you doing here?

NORMAN
(to Mary Ann)
There's no way I'm giving your mother that nightie...

MARY ANN
Why not? She wants one...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIB
I'm going to California...

ALISON
(craning her neck around suitcase)
Oh no, you're not. I was here first!

NORMAN
Mary Ann, I'm not giving a a strange woman underwear!

GIB
(craning his neck around suitcase)
There's room for two people...

ALISON
Not when you're one of them!

MARY ANN
...My mother's not strange...

NORMAN
...Giving her underwear is!

GIB
(smiling sweetly)
It's good to see you too, Alison.

ALISON
Why don't you take another ride!

GIB
Why don't you take a flying leap!

MARY ANN
...It's not underwear, it's a nightie!

NORMAN
I don't care if it's a jock-strap, you give it to her!

ALISON
(haughtily)
I don't have time for your nonsense! Just get out of here!

GIB
You get out!

MARY ANN
You give it to her!

EXT. CAR

sweeps down the highway...

NORMAN (V.O.)
(to Mary Ann)
No, you!

ALISON (V.O.)
(to Gib)
No, you!

MARY ANN (V.O.)
(to Norman)
No, you!

GIB (V.O.)
(to Alison)
No, you!

...until it vanishes from sight over the horizon. It's going to be a long trip.

EXT. GRUBBY-LOOKING MOTEL NIGHT

The kind of place you stop at only when you have to. Norman's car pulls into the parking lot.

INT. MOTEL ROOM LATER

Dark and dingy. The room is basic--two doublebeds and little else.

Alison sits at a deak, busy writing. Mary Ann dusts the room with an expression of distaste. Norman sits on one of the beds with an adding machine--the kind with a lever on it--on his lap, intently computing costs. Gib grabs a towel and heads for the bathroom.

Immediately, Norman leaps to his feet, runs past Gib and locks the bathroom door behind him so Gib can't enter.

NORMAN (O.S.)
(from behind door)
You want to use the bathroom?

GIB
No, that's okay, Norman. I can wait.

NORMAN (O.S.)
Slide $15.45 under the door and you can use it.

GIB
(incredulous; turns to Mary Ann)
Mary Ann, he's not serious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY ANN
(gravely)
Oh, he's being serious. I know when Norman's being serious. He's serious.
(beat)
No pay, no pee.

She giggles at her joke.

GIB
Norman, I already gave you twenty bucks.

NORMAN (O.S.)
That was for gas, this is lodging.

GIB
The whole room's only thirty dollars. What are you paying?

NORMAN (O.S.)
Wear and tear on the car!

Exasperated, Gib turns to Alison who is still busy writing.

GIB
Are we going to let him get away with this?

ALISON
Depreciated value is a real and tangible loss which is exactly equivalent to an expenditure.
(looks up from her writing)
Besides, we have no choice.

GIB
Oh.

He takes out his wallet and slides the money under the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM LATER

The room is dark and quiet. Mary Ann and Norman lie in each other's arms in one bed, sound asleep. Alison dozes by herself in the other bed.

The bathroom door opens, spilling light into the room. Gib, drying his hair with a towel, emerges from it. He is wearing his pajamas and tiptoes softly past Norman and Mary Ann. He starts to climb into the doublebed with Alison when she suddenly jumps up.

ALISON
What do you think you're doing?

CONTINUED:

GIB
I'm going to bed.

ALISON
It's my turn to sleep in the bed.
(points at the floor)
It's your turn to sleep on the floor.

She hands him a piece of paper with a schedule scribbled on it.

ALISON
See, it's all worked out.

Gib looks at the piece of paper, the hard floor, then back at Alison.

GIB
Why do I have to sleep on the floor?

ALISON
Do you want to sleep in the bed?

GIB
Yes, I do.

Alison starts to gather a pillow and blanket.

ALISON
Fine, I'll sleep on the floor.

GIB
You don't have to sleep on the floor.

ALISON
Do you intend to sleep in the bed?

GIB
Yes, I do.

ALISON
Then I intend to sleep on the floor.

There is a pause as they exchange places. In the darkness, we hear a CRASH of Alison tripping and falling to the floor. Gib lies in bed and smiles.

GIB
(sweetly)
Goodnight.

There is no response from Alison. Gib turns over on his side and quickly dozes off. He smiles broadly in his sleep as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CALIFORNIA BEACH DAY (DREAM SEQUENCE #1)

A beautiful and secluded stretch of beach. Gib, wearing a bathing suit and his letter jacket, sits next to THE SURE THING, the same gorgeous girl from the TITLE SEQUENCE and LANCE'S DESCRIPTION, who wears a minuscule string bikini. They watch in silence as the waves pound against the sand.

GIB
(authoritative, indicating the sky)
Consider outer space...

The Sure Thing turns to Gib and touches him gently on the arm.

SURE THING
(in a husky, seductive voice)
Gib, before you go any further. Let's be honest.
(smiles)
You want it. I want it. I know I want it. You don't have to bullshit me to get it...

Gib stares at her, dumbfounded. The Sure Thing inches closer to him.

SURE THING
(sweetly)
But even if you do bullshit me, Gib, you'll still get it.

She pulls him to her and they slowly roll out of frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION EARLY MORNING

Norman, Mary Ann and Alison stand around the car as it is being filled up. Gib loads up on junk food from the candy machines.

Suddenly, a motorcycle gang on "choppers," bedecked in chains and leather, ROARS into the gas station, WHISTLING and CATCALLING at Alison and Mary Ann, who ignore them.

NORMAN
Look at them, they think they're so tough.

He watches as one of the bikers buys a Coke from the soda machine, opens the bottle with his teeth, then spits the cap out.

Gib approaches the car and spreads his food on the hood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY ANN
(to Alison)
I can't believe you slept on that hard, dirty floor.
(shudders)
Ewwww, think of the bugs! You look really burned out.

Alison does look haggard.

ALISON
(curtly)
I didn't exactly sleep.

She turns to Gib who is nonchalantly munching taco chips and slurping beer.

ALISON
(sarcastic)
Great breakfast!

Gib sips his beer and BURPS in self-satisfaction.

GIB
Protein. Good for you.

INT. NORMAN'S CAR LATER

Gib opens a package of pink coconut sno-balls as he guzzles his beer. Next to him, Alison tries unsuccessfully to catch some shut-eye.

GIB
(to Alison)
Having trouble sleeping? You should do what I do. The way I fall asleep is by thinking about it.

He takes a giant bite of his sno-ball and a sip of beer.

GIB
(offering sno-ball)
Anyone?

Alison stares at the sno-ball in disgust. In front, Mary Ann has a cutting board, a knife, a jar of mayonnaise, and a can of tuna and is busy chopping celery for tuna salad sandwiches.

GIB
(authoritative)
I love sleep. There are three kinds of sleep. There's casual sleep--it's used to make the time pass quicker. You know--like in a slide lecture. Then there's regular sleep--the eight hour bit. That's your basic recharge. And then there's
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

GIB (cont'd.)
megasleep. That's when you feel like you're melting through your mattress. It usually happens during late afternoon naps. Your neck sweats like crazy and it's real hard to wake up-- and when you do, you've drooled all over your pillow. That's the best kind of sleep!

He turns to Alison and smiles charmingly, watching her closely to see if his lecture is making her drowsy. Alison stares at him, amazed.

GIB
Yeah, sleep is great. Like if you're ever depressed, just go to sleep. Then when you wake up the next morning and you're still depressed, you can just turn over and go back to sleep.

Gib examines Alison to see if his technique is working, then garfs another pink sno-ball.

GIB
(swigging beer)
Man, am I stuffed!

He BURPS, smiles, stretches, then turns on his side, facing the window. The car is quiet for a moment when Gib suddenly LAUGHS. Alison, out of curiosity, turns to look at what Gib is laughing at. She sees:

ANOTHER CAR

loaded with drunken, joyous guys mooning.

INT. NORMAN'S CAR

Gib continues LAUGHING. Alison turns away, disgusted.

ALISON
You <u>would</u> think that was funny.

Gib turns to Alison. She's always spoiling his fun.

GIB
As a matter of fact, I do. I think it's hilarious. A scream. A regular laugh riot. What's wrong with it?

Alison responds by counting silently to herself. She takes a deep breath, then sits back and relaxes, ignoring Gib.

CONTINUED:

GIB
Man, are you repressed!
(beat)
Haven't you ever thrown eggs at a cop car? When you were little, didn't you ever sprinkle Ivory Flakes all over the living room 'cause you wanted to make it snow in July? Didn't you ever get really shit-faced...

NORMAN
(offended by Gib's language)
NICE TALK!!

GIB
...and make a complete fool out of yourself, maybe even puke...

MARY ANN
Ewwww, gross!!

GIB
...and still have a fantastic time?

He looks at Alison who turns away, seething.

GIB
Ah, what's the point?
(beat)
You always have a schedule.
(beat)
Don't you know how great it makes you feel when you do something spontaneous--something totally off the wall?

Alison turns to Gib suddenly.

ALISON
Spontaneousness has its time and its place. I can be as spontaneous as anyone!

GIB
Prove it.

Alison looks around frantically, not knowing what to do. Suddenly, she grabs one of Gib's pink coconut sno-balls and takes a giant bite of it. She has great difficulty swallowing it. She looks like she's going to be sick.

GIB
(disdainful)
You think that's spontaneous? I do that all the time!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He quickly takes a gulp of beer and lets out an elaborate BURP, with several distinct phrases to it. He looks at her with his arms crossed, daring her to top that.

ALISON
(indicating other car)
You think <u>that's</u> spontaneous?
Sticking your butt out a car window?
(beat)
You wanna see spontaneous! I'll show you spontaneous!! <u>WATCH THIS!!!</u>

She quickly rolls down her window, rips open her blouse and SHOUTS to the world:

ALISON
TWIST AND SHOUT!!!!

She closes her window, covers herself, then turns to Gib.

ALISON
Satisfied?

But Gib doesn't pay her any attention. Instead, he is staring in shock outside the window at:

HIGHWAY

The motorcycle gang from the gas station cruises alongside Norman's car and has witnessed Alison's entire exhibition. They grin at each other, then shout at the car:

BIKERS
TWIST AND SHOUT!
TWIST AND SHOUT!!!

The gang has surrounded Norman's car and is weaving back and forth in front of it, WHISTLING and CATCALLING, motioning for them to pull over to the side of the road.

INT. NORMAN'S CAR

Gib looks from the gang to Alison in admiration. Mary Ann stares at Alison, stunned. Alison smiles weakly.

Norman's knuckles whiten on the wheel. He doesn't say a word or betray any visible reaction. He just stares straight ahead.

NORMAN
LOCK THE DOORS!!!

There is a flurry of activity. One after another, the doors are quickly locked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIB
(laughing)
Condition Red! Condition Red!
This is not a drill!

NORMAN
ROLL UP THE WINDOWS!!!!

One after another, the windows are quickly rolled up.

GIB
Set your phasers on stun! Prepare for evasive action!

NORMAN
(ashen-faced)
Stare straight ahead. Pretend they're not there and they'll go away. These guys have short attention spans.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NORMAN'S CAR TWILIGHT

Norman, Gib and Alison stare straight ahead, ignoring the horde of bikers who continue to weave back and forth in front of their car.

BIKERS
TWIST AND SHOUT!!!

Mary Ann watches the bikers with growing excitement.

MARY ANN
Oh look, Norman! That's a '74 Harley Sportster with ape hangers and a pair of Fat-Bob tanks!!
(beat)
I sure would like to wrap my thighs around that monster!!

Everyone turns to her in amazement.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NORMAN'S CAR NIGHT

Norman sits frozen behind the wheel, his expression unchanged. Gib peers fearfully out the back window.

GIB
I think they're gone.

EXT. NORMAN'S CAR

Immediately, Norman SLAMS on his brakes and pulls over to the side of the highway. He leaps out of the car and throws Gib's and Alison's bags on the ground. Alison and Gib emerge from the car, trying to stop him.

GIB
Norman, can't we reasonable?

Norman jumps back in the car, floors the gas, and zooms away in a cloud of dust.

GIB
(calling after him)
Let's talk about this!!

Mary Ann waves goodbye. Alison and Gib watch forlornly as the taillights of Norman's car disappear in the darkness.

The highway is deserted. There are no street lights and it's almost pitch black. It's so cold that even the crickets have gone south.

Gib picks up his suitcase, walks to the edge of the highway and sticks out his thumb.

GIB
I guess we ought to hitch. There's a town up ahead. I saw a sign.

Alison doesn't respond, just picks up her suitcase, which is quite heavy, and starts to walk ahead.

GIB
Where you going?

Alison keeps walking without turning back.

ALISON
Hitch? We're in the middle of nowhere. In the middle of the night. It's about thirty below. There's no cars. I'm practically broke. I'm due in California in three days. You can stay here and hitch!!

Gib picks up his suitcase and runs to catch up with her.

ALISON
And don't follow me!

Gib jogs past her until he's about ten yards ahead.

GIB
(over his shoulder)
Alright, I won't!
(beat)
Stop following me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alison puts down her suitcase to rest. It's really heavy. Gib keeps walking ahead.

ALISON
(shouting after him)
I can't wait till I never have to see you again!

GIB
(over his shoulder)
Hey, I'm not the one who exposed myself to the Vienna Boys Choir back there!

Gib walks quickly, putting distance between them.

ALISON
...or listen to your stupid ideas about the stars glowing in the night and people puking in their sleep...

GIB
DROOLING!!

ALISON
...or your burping, or your pink coconut sno-balls and beer for breakfast... Throwing snowflakes at cop cars!!

Alison puts down her suitcase, gasping for breath.

ALISON
WHEN YOU WERE A KID, DID YOUR FATHER HIT YOU?

Gib turns back toward Alison for a second.

GIB
(confused)
Yeah. Sometimes.

ALISON
GOOD!!!

Gib resumes walking toward town. Alison picks up her suitcase. Breathing heavily, falling over her suitcase, she trails after him.

INT. STREET, HONKY-TONK TOWN NIGHT

The street is choked with sleazy bars, pool halls and pawn shops. Neon lights flash on and off.

Still lugging his suitcase, Gib wanders down the street, past a couple of grizzled bums smoking cigarettes and sipping coffee, huddled around a barrel with a fire in it, trying to keep warm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gib is depressed and lonely. How did he get into this fix?

He looks through the window of a pool hall. Inside, a pretty local girl shoots a few balls. COUNTRY AND WESTERN MUSIC oozes from a jukebox. A couple of guys sit at the bar, nursing beers. The place looks warm and friendly.

INT. POOL HALL LATER

Gib plays pool by himself.

PEGGY, the local girl we saw through the window, leans against the bar, sipping a beer, and watching Gib. She's about his age, wears tight blue jeans and a gray cut-off sweatshirt.

Aware that Peggy is gazing at him, Gib shows off and sinks a few balls rapid-fire. He looks up and smiles at her. She smiles back and approaches the table, slowly brushing past Gib.

PEGGY
You're pretty good.
(insinuating)
You always play by yourself?

GIB
(just as insinuating)
I like to know what I'm up against.

PEGGY
(meaningfully)
Looks like you could show me a few tricks.

GIB
Maybe I could.
(just as meaningfully)
And maybe you could show me a few.

They gaze at each other and smile. Peggy picks up a cue.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POOL HALL MINUTES LATER

There is one ball left on the table. Gib tries a fancy shot and banks the ball in the side pocket. He looks up and smiles cockily at Peggy.

GIB
(ecstatic)
TWIST AND SHOUT!!

He dances around the table excitedly, weaving and bobbing like Ali against Frazier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIB
You never had a chance! I was relentless--but with a delicate touch. Confident! Masterful! Creative! An artist with a stick!

PEGGY
(curtly)
I've had better.

GIB
Awww, you're just saying that! I barely let you come up for air. You were overwhelmed!!

PEGGY
(smiling)
I'm just warming up. I really sizzle when there's something at stake.
(suggestively)
What can you afford to lose?

Gib gives her a long, appraising look.

GIB
(chuckling)
You wouldn't be some kind of shark, would you?

PEGGY
(coyly)
Who me? I'm just a country girl...

GIB
...who's begging to be taken.

Peggy racks up the balls.

PEGGY
Three bucks?

GIB
Five.

He chalks his cue, examines the ball and the angle of the shot like an expert, then shoots, scattering balls across the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POOL HALL MINUTES LATER

There are three balls left on the table. Gib watches in grim silence as Peggy coolly and professionally sinks them in quick succession.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gib knows he's been had. Peggy smiles sweetly at him. Gib takes out his wallet, hands her five dollars, reaches for his jacket and heads for the door.

GIB
(bitterly)
So long, country girl.

PEGGY
(flirtatiously)
Wanna do it again?

She smiles. Gib turns to her. He's ill at ease and has lost his poise.

GIB
Thanks, but I really got to get back and renew my magazine subscriptions.

He turns to leave only to see that the door is blocked by a big, burly REDNECK.

REDNECK
(eloquently)
"Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt."

Gib stares blankly at the Redneck.

REDNECK
(threatening)
The lady asked you to play.

The Redneck puts his hand on Gib's shoulder and firmly turns him around facing the pool table. Gib notices several other REDNECKS sitting along the bar watching the exchange coolly. Two of them stand up at once.

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Peggy sinks the last ball on the table, then turns to Gib and smiles.

B) As the Rednecks look on, Gib hands her five dollars.

C) Gib counts out ten dollars and hands it to Peggy.

D) Gib gives Peggy twenty dollars.

He reaches for his jacket. Peggy carefully counts the money, then looks up at Gib and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PEGGY
(teasing)
Oh please, just once more.

Out of the corner of his eye, Gib sees the burly Redneck move toward the door. Wearily, he turns back to the game and drops his jacket on a chair. He picks up his cue, preparing to play when he hears:

WOMAN'S VOICE
Mind if I play?

Gib turns around. It's Alison--with her hip cocked and her purse slung casually over her shoulder.

GIB
(amazed)
A-li-so...

She kicks him in the shin, sharply but surreptitiously, warning him to be quiet. She turns to Peggy.

ALISON
How 'bout it?

Peggy slowly circles Alison, inspecting her disdainfully. She pulls at Alison's purse.

ALISON
This ain't so tea party, sister.

Alison returns Peggy's gaze coolly.

PEGGY
We're playing forty dollars a game.

Gib rolls his eyes.

GIB
Forty dollars? Are you crazy?
I'll be broke!

The big, burly Redneck makes a pouting expression at Gib.

REDNECK
"Of poverty, we think it no disgrace
but a real degradation to make no effort
to overcome."

GIB
(stubbornly)
Forget it! I'm not playing!

The Redneck advances menacingly toward Gib.

CONTINUED:

REDNECK
"But the bravest are surely those who have the clearest vision of what is before them, glory and <u>danger</u> alike."
(harshly)
Play or I'll break your face!!

Alison and Peggy continue to stare each other down, ignoring Gib and the Redneck.

ALISON
(defiantly)
Rack 'em up!

Alison grabs two cues and hands one of them to Gib. Peggy racks up the balls.

All eyes are on Gib as, hands shaking, he breaks. No balls go in. He hands Alison the chalk. She looks at him and raises an eyebrow.

ALISON
(genuinely surprised)
Boy, do you suck!

All the men in the pool hall explode in LAUGHTER. Alison inspects the table intently, calculating the best shot.

PEGGY
Better make it good, sister.
(beat)
It's your last turn.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Alison takes her time, then shoots. "One-ball" in the corner pocket. Before the ball even goes in, she's around the table, ready for the next shot.

B) Two-ball in the side pocket.

C) Three-ball in the corner.

D) Gib watches Alison, gaping in astonishment.

E) Four-ball in the corner, five-ball in the side, six-ball in the side, seven-ball in the corner--all in quick succession.

F) Peggy watches Alison intently. Alison shoots. Eight-ball in the side.

G) The Redneck blocking the door and the men at the bar slowly approach the table to watch a master at work.

H) More balls into pockets, one after another.

CONTINUED:

I) Peggy watches Alison make a particularily difficult shot, then smiles, despite herself, in appreciation.

J) There is one ball left on the table. Alison carefully aims, then sinks it. She looks up. She has cleared the table.

The pool hall is silent. Alison puts down her cue, then approaches Peggy with a slight smile.

ALISON
What was it, forty dollars?

Peggy gazes respectfully at Alison, then digs into her pockets and hands Alison the forty bucks. Alison turns to Gib with her palm extended. Gib stares at her palm, open-mouthed.

GIB
But...

Alison stares at him. Gib sheepishly pulls out his wallet.

CLOSE UP ALISON'S PALM

As Gib hands her the last of his money.

GIB
Thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight...
(reaches into his pockets, pulls out all his change and drops it in her hand)
That's it. I'm cleaned out.

Alison puts the money in her purse, snaps it shut, and turns to Peggy.

ALISON
Thanks for the tea party, sister.

The men move out of her way. She calmly strolls out the door.

EXT. STREET NIGHT

Alison saunters down the street. Gib runs to catch up with her.

GIB
Thanks. You saved my life. Literally.

ALISON
(brusquely)
I needed the money.

CONTINUED:

GIB
Well, I won't forget it.

They continue walking.

GIB
Where the hell did you learn to play like that?

ALISON
We had a pool table in the basement. I used to play with my Dad all the time.

GIB
Well, you were great! You were terrific!

ALISON
I was, wasn't I?

She laughs in excitement. Gib joins in.

GIB
(laughing)
Could I have my money back now?

ALISON
(still laughing)
No.

She walks ahead. Gib stops, dumbfounded, then catches up with her again.

GIB
How will I pay for a room? I'll freeze to death!

ALISON
I won it fair and square. That money's gonna get me to California.

GIB
I gotta get to California as bad as you do.
(beat)
Worse, even.

Alison shrugs nonchalantly and continues walking. Gib stares after her.

GIB
(desperate)
What about my money?

Alison keeps walking, unmoved.

CONTINUED:

GIB
THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER!

She disappears around a corner. Gib stands miserably alone on the dark, wet street, totally broke.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ALISON'S MOTEL NIGHT

Illuminated by a streetlight, Gib stuffs newspapers underneath his clothing, then sits down and rocks back and forth, trying to get warm.

INT. ALISON'S MOTEL ROOM NIGHT

Alison looks out her window at Gib as she dials a phone. She hears a BUSY SIGNAL, then hangs up.

EXT. STREET NIGHT

Gib drags a large, cardboard box, the kind dishwashers come in, under the streetlight, then climbs into it. His head sticks out a hole in the top.

INT. ALISON'S MOTEL ROOM NIGHT

Alison emerges from the bathroom, in a robe, drying her hair with a towel. She walks to the window and sees Gib.

INT. ALISON'S MOTEL ROOM LATER

Alison sits up in bed, reading. She puts down her book, walks to the door and opens it.

EXT. ALISON'S MOTEL ROOM NIGHT

Alison sticks her head out the door into the cold night air.

ALISON
Alright, get in here. But you have to sleep on the floor.

There is no response.

ALISON'S P.O.V.

The large carboard box lies on its side. A gust of wind blows it down the street.

ALISON

is puzzled. She steps out on the walkway in her robe and looks around.

ALISON
Gib?

No response.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON
(worried)
Gib?
(alarmed)
GIB!!

Gib silently appears behind her and taps her on the shoulder. Alison is startled.

GIB
(like "Lurch," trying to be cute)
You rang?

Alison breathes a sigh of relief, but tries not to show it.

ALISON
Okay, you can stay here tonight, but you're sleeping on the floor. And you're going to pay me back later. Every last cent of it. I'm not the Salvation Army.

Gib smiles endearingly.

ALISON
And wipe that smirk off your face.

Shamefaced, Gib follows Alison into the room.

INT. ALISON'S ROOM LATER

Gib emerges from the bathroom in his pajamas. Alison is in bed, talking on the phone.

ALISON
(into phone)
Uh-huh.
(beat)
Jason, it's gonna take me a bit longer than I anticipated.
(beat)
Let's see, today's the 19th. Better not expect me until the 22nd or the 23rd.
(beat)
No, everything's fine. Really. I'll call you tomorrow. I promise.
(beat)
I love you, too.

Gib lies on the hard, dirty floor and plumps his pillow, preparing for sleep. He can't help listening to Alison and her end of the conversation depresses him. It's bad enough that he's

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

totally broke and has to sleep on the floor, but does he have to listen to her gush on the phone?

ALISON
(into phone)
Bye-bye.
(beat)
Yes, Jason, I love you very, very, very, very, very much.

Gib pulls his blanket over his head so he doesn't have to hear her. His feet stick out.

ALISON
(into phone)
I miss you too. Very, very, very, very, very, very much.
(kisses into phone)
'Bye.

She hangs up, then turns out the lights. The room is quiet and dark for a moment. Suddenly, the lights flash on.

Gib has turned them on. He sits in a chair, dialing the phone. Alison watches him with interest.

GIB
(into phone)
Yeah, hi operator. I'd like to make a collect call. Los Angeles, California.
(beat)
Thank you.

INT. LANCE'S ROOM, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA NIGHT

A phone RINGS.

Lance is in the middle of a romantic candle-lit dinner with a very attractive GIRL. They eat their food in silence and gaze gravely into each other's eyes. The phone continues RINGING.

LANCE
(suavely)
That's probably my broker.

He rises and answers the phone. Although he maintains a facade of calmness, he's annoyed by the intrusion.

LANCE
(into phone; brusquely)
Hello?

INT. GIB'S AND ALISON'S MOTEL ROOM NIGHT

Gib smiles at Alison. She looks away and picks up a book to read.

GIB
(into phone; loudly for Alison's benefit)
Hi, Betty? I love you and...

INT. LANCE'S ROOM NIGHT

Lance stares at his phone in disbelief.

LANCE
(into phone)
Gib? Is that you?

INT. GIB'S AND ALISON'S ROOM NIGHT

GIB
(into phone)
...I just wanted to tell you I may be a little delayed, but I can't wait to see you. And touch you. And hold you...

Alison pretends she's not listening, but she is.

GIB
(into phone)
And squeeze you. And kiss you. And lick you.
(beat)
All over.

Alison's eyes widen in shock.

INT. LANCE'S ROOM NIGHT

The girl is getting restless. Lance blows her a kiss.

LANCE
(into phone; sarcastic)
I can't wait to get my hands on you either.

INT. GIB'S AND ALISON'S ROOM

Gib looks to make sure that Alison is listening.

GIB
(into phone)
That's right--all night long.
(beat)
Yes, Betty, I love you very, very, very, very, very, very, very, <u>very</u> much.

Despite herself, Alison looks up from her book.

INT. LANCE'S ROOM NIGHT

LANCE
(into phone)
Just make sure your ass is here on the 22nd. She's been working out. I've seen her in the gym. And she's been out in the sun. She's improved, Gib. I know it doesn't seem possible, but she has. She's waiting for you Gib. As we speak. Don't disappoint her.

The girl stands and starts putting on her coat. Lance waves her to sit down.

LANCE
(into phone)
Oh, and Gib?

INT. GIB'S AND ALISON'S ROOM NIGHT

GIB
(into phone; sweetly)
Yes, sweetheart?

INT. LANCE'S ROOM NIGHT

LANCE
(into phone; sultry)
I'm not wearing anything.

Lance hangs up the phone and turns to the girl. She looks at him, extremely mystified.

LANCE
It <u>was</u> my broker.

The girl stares at Lance, waiting for an explanation. Lance helps her off with her coat, then pours some more wine.

LANCE
We're very close.

INT. GIB'S AND ALISON'S ROOM NIGHT

Alison stares at Gib, disturbed. Gib blows one last, loud kiss into the phone then hangs up. He turns off the lights. The room is quiet and dark for a moment.

GIB
(sweetly)
Goodnight.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL THE NEXT MORNING

Gib and Alison stand at the exit to a vast parking lot, trying to thumb rides. A stream of cars passes them without stopping.

GIB
(indicating parking lot)
See those cars? They all have to
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

GIB (cont'd.)
pass us on their way out.
(beat)
According to the law of averages, we should have a ride in no time flat.

Cars continue to stream past them.

ALISON
(sarcastic)
Have you ever heard of the law of diminishing returns?

In response, Gib sits on his suitcase, slumped over, depressed. He looks up and notices an ancient, sputtering car pull up in the parking lot. An OLD WOMAN emerges from it very slowly and walks toward the stores.

When the OLD WOMAN is out of sight, Gib stands and walks toward her car. Alison watches him dubiously.

ALISON
Now what are you doing?

Gib lets the air out of one of the Old Woman's tires, then walks back to Alison and resumes his perch on his suitcase.

GIB
I've just got us a ride.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHOPPING MALL PARKING LOT AN HOUR LATER

The Old Woman slowly hobbles back to her car.

ALISON
(to Gib)
You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

Gib rises and approaches the Old Woman just as she is getting into her car.

GIB
Excuse me, madam, but I couldn't help noticing that you have a flat tire.

He indicates the tire. The Old Woman stares at it.

OLD WOMAN
(nervous)
Oh, dear. Oh, dear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alison wanders over to them.

GIB
Let me help you change it.

The Old Woman turns to Gib, her face brimming over with gratitude.

OLD WOMAN
Oh, could you? My husband knew all about cars. He was laways fixing them. Half the time, there wasn't anything wrong with them. That's how he passed away. Jackstand went out and the De Soto squashed him like a rat on a train track.
(beat)
You remind me of him.

ALISON
(under her breath)
Is it his long tail or his pointy nose?

Gib beams.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) The Old Woman and Alison watch Gib as he replaces the tire, then tightens the lug nuts. He is a little sweaty and a little dirty. He looks up at the Old Woman and smiles, indicating he's finished.

OLD WOMAN
I'm worried about my oil.

B) The hood of the Old Woman's car is up. Gib leans over the engine, checking the oil dipstick. He is dirtier and sweatier than before. He wipes his hands on his pants, then turns to the Old Woman.

OLD WOMAN
And my points.

C) Gib peers into the engine. His face is blackened with grime. He makes a few adjustments with a screw driver. Alison watches him from the sidelines, trying not to laugh.

OLD WOMAN
My brakes are acting up a bit. It's probably the upper return spring or maybe the connecting linkage. You better check the ahchor block, too.

D) Gib's legs extend from under the car. He crawls out. He is coated with sweat and grease. He stands and leans against the car, exhausted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Old Woman gets into the car.

OLD WOMAN
I don't know how I can thank you enough.

Despite his exhausted condition, Gib smiles in self-satisfaction at Alison.

GIB
(to Old Woman)
Could you give us a lift?

The Old Woman starts the engine.

OLD WOMAN
Oh, I am sorry, but I never pick up strangers. There's a lot of perverts out there!

She drives away.

EXT. HIGHWAY TWILIGHT

Gib and Alison both sit on their suitcases in silence, watching the cars zoom by. Alison gives Gib an accusing look.

GIB
Stop looking at me like that!
(beat)
At least I tried.

ALISON
And we're worse off than we were before.

GIB
I don't see you coming up with any bright ideas.

Alison stands up and lifts her suitcase.

ALISON
How's this for a bright idea?
You go your way and I'll go mine.

She lugs her suitcase a few yards down the highway and sticks out her thumb to hitch.

Gib watches her for a moment, then stands up and extends his thumb.

GIB
(muttering to himself)
That's a great idea! Now maybe I'll get there.

CONTINUED:

They stand in silence for a few moments. A battered van drives past Gib, then pulls over in front of Alison. She starts toward the van.

ALISON
(to Gib)
So long, chump.

The side door to the van slides open. Inside are three GREASERS, rangy guys with long, stringy hair and unbrushed teeth. They've been drinking whiskey and smell of it. Two of the greasers sit in back, staring at Alison, their eyes gleaming. The greaser at the wheel turns to Alison and smiles too widely.

GREASER #1
Hop in.

Alison hesitates. Gib sees the greasers. He knows Alison's heading for trouble.

GIB
(meaning it)
I wouldn't take that ride if I were you.

Alison lifts her suitcase.

ALISON
That's all I needed to hear.

She climbs in. The two greasers in back CACKLE and clear a space between them for Alison.

Gib stares at the van. He's tempted to let Alison face them alone. He's not looking for any trouble. But he's worried about her.

The van starts to move.

GIB
Aww, shit!

He picks up his suitcase, runs toward the van and jumps in while it's still moving.

INT. VAN

GREASER#1, the one behind the wheel, takes a long pull from a bottle of whiskey, then offers it to Gib who sits in front next to him. Gib declines. He's edgy.

Alison sits between GREASER #2 and GREASER #3, staring straight ahead, trying to mind her own business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Greaser #2 gingerly places his arm around Alison and smiles at her. Alison lifts his arm off her.

Immediately, Greaser #3 places his arm around Alison and smiles. Alison lifts his arm off her.

Greaser #2 yawns, looks out the window, then puts his hand on Alison's knee. Alison slaps his hand.

ALISON
Cut that out!

Gib turns around quickly, then looks forward. Three against one. The odds don't look too good.

Graser #3 puts his hand on Alison's knee. Alison slaps his hand.

ALISON
Cut it out!

Gib turns around.

GIB
(polite; trying to avoid a fight)
Ah, excuse me.

Greaser #2 puts his arm around Alison again. Alison shoves him away.

GIB
Excuse me, but do any of you guys know who won the Rams game?

Greaser #3 pulls Alison to him. Alison struggles to pull away.

GREASER #3
C'mon, give us a kiss.

Gib clenches, then unclenches his fists, trying to keep cool, and deal with the matter in a reasonable way.

GIB
I don't usually follow the Rams but since I'm going to L.A. I thought I ought to know.

Greaser #3 puts his hand on Alison's knee again. Alison elbows him hard.

Greaser #1 laughs and winks knowingly at Gib.

GREASER #1
Easy there. Save some for us!

CONTINUED:

Gib clenches his fists, then unclenches them several times. He stares at Greaser #1, then at the two greasers in back. His jaw tightens.

GIB
(exploding)
AWW, SHIT!!

He lunges into the backseat, both arms swinging. He punches Greaser #2 in the face and lands a good one to Greaser #3's stomach.

EXT. VAN

SCREECHES to a stop alongside the highway. We hear the SOUND of FISTS. The back door of the van CRASHES open and Greaser #2 tumbles to the ground.

Gib jumps out the back, clutches Alison's hand and pulls her out after him.

Greaser #2 advances menacingly toward Gib.

Gib grabs his suitcase and throws it at him, knocking Greaser #2 to the ground. Greaser #2 crawls toward the van and jumps in, just as it SQUEALS away in a cloud of dust. Gib runs after the van and throws a rock at it.

GIB
Assholes!

All is quiet again. He walks to Alison.

GIB
(gasping for breath)
Are you okay?

ALISON
(embarrassed)
I could have handled it myself.

Gib stares at Alison, incredulous.

GIB
You don't know what the hell you're talking about!
(pauses for air)
Those guys were all over you!

ALISON
(adamant)
I'm not looking for a knight on a white horse. I don't need a hero. Why don't you mind your own business, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They glower at each other for a few moments. Finally, Gib, totally exasperated, picks up his suitcase and starts to walk away.

GIB
(suddenly turning around)
Look, I don't care who you are, there are just some things you can't handle alone!

Alison stares at him defiantly. Gib picks up his suitcase and starts to walk away again.

GIB
(suddenly turning around)
I would have done the same thing for any friend!

He storms away, down the highway. This time he doesn't look back.

Alison's face registers shock at Gib's final words. Her expression softens as she watches Gib stop about ten yards away and sit on his suitcase in a huff.

Despite herself, Alison is touched. She would like to apologize to Gib but is too proud. Instead, she gently gazes at him.

A car approaches. Gib jumps to his feet and tries to hitch a ride. The car zooms past. Gib resumes his seat.

Alison's face brightens. She's got an idea. She puts her suitcase on the ground and opens it.

Gib tries not to watch her but is curious.

Alison starts stuffing clothes under her coat. When she's done, she looks like she's pregnant.

Gib sneaks a glance at her but quickly turns away when she looks up at him.

Alison walks over to a tree and lies down against it. She starts to MOAN softly, hoping to attract Gib's attention.

Gib watches Alison out of the corner of his eye, but pretends not to notice. Alison MOANS louder. Gib turns so his back is toward her. Alison MOANS even louder. Finally, Gib turns to her annoyed.

Alison stops MOANING, opens her eyes, props herself up on her elbows, and faces Gib.

ALISON
Well, don't just stand there! You want to get to California or not?

CONTINUED:

She closes her eyes, lies down again, and MOANS.

Gib stares at her. She looks and sounds convincing. He slowly breaks into a wide smile.

Gib hears a CAR APPROACHING. He runs into the middle of the highway and waves his arms frantically, trying to flag the car down. The car whizzes past.

Another car appears on the horizon. Gib jumps up and down, motioning to Alison. The car slows, then stops. Gib rushes over to it. Inside sit two members of the Silent Majority: a respectable, middle-aged FARMER and his doughty, matronly WIFE.

GIB
It's my wife! She's gonna have a baby any minute now! We've got to get her to a hospital!!

Without waiting for a response, Gib runs to Alison and helps her to her feet.

GIB
(to Alison)
It's going to be alright, darling. These nice people are going to help us.

Alison smiles wanly.

INT. CAR

The farmer and his wife sit in front, glancing at Alison with concern. Alison MOANS softly. Gib holds her hand, trying to comfort her.

GIB
(playing the concerned husband)
How close together are the contraptions?

Alison elbows Gib in the ribs. The farmer and his wife give Gib an odd look.

FARMER
Which hospital do you want to go to?

ALISON
(moaning)
Cedars Sinai

FARMER
(confused)
Where's that?

CONTINUED:

GIB
Los Angeles.

The farmer and his wife do a double-take.

INT. CHEAP MOTEL NIGHT

Gib and Alison unpack their clothes for the night. The room has one bed.

GIB
(laughing)
I promised we'd name the baby for one of them...

ALISON
(horrified)
You were going to name my baby Alfred or Maxine?

GIB
Not your baby, your laundry!!

They both double up in laughter. Alison falls on the bed and stretches. Gib drops in a chair, trying to catch his breath. The laughter finally dies down.

Gib closes his eyes to relax. Alison absently reaches for the phone and starts dialing.

ALISON
(into phone)
Hi, Jason. It's me. Calling in with another status report.
(laughing)
No, everything's fine. Cross my heart. We're in Indiana.

Gib slowly opens his eyes and watches Alison's face closely.

ALISON
(into phone)
I'll get there. I'll get there. Have I ever let you down before?
(laughing)
Oh, that's awful. You're terrible!

Gib stares at Alison. Her face is alive and animated. His jaw tightens. Only seconds ago, she was joking and laughing with him.

ALISON
(into phone)
Stop that!
(laughing)
Jason!
(giggling)
Jason!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gib slowly stands, and leaves the room without even putting on his letter jacket. He closes the door behind him. Alison looks up. She sees that Gib has left and stops laughing.

ALISON
(into phone)
Yeah, I'm still here.
(beat)
Nothing's the matter. Does it sound like something's the matter?

EXT. SMALL FARM TOWN NIGHT

The town has been decorated with Christmas lights which twinkle merrrily.

Cold and depressed, Gib wanders down Main Street. Nothing is open, except a bar where raucous ROCK MUSIC is playing. Gib enters the bar.

INT. BAR NIGHT

The room is smoky and dark. ROCK MUSIC blares from a juke box in the corner. Above a long bar, an aging STRIPPER sways sluggishly, out of beat with the music. A few Christmas lights edge the walls, but look out of place and add to an already depressing atmosphere.

The bar is lined with lonely LOWLIFES who stare sullenly into their beers. Illuminated by the dots of light from their cigarettes when they inhale, some other LOWLIFES sit in the back at tables.

Gib finds a seat at the bar between some lowlifes. He unties his shoe and digs into it, pulling out a couple of crumpled dollar bills.

He stares at the money. His last two dollars. His emergency money. He motions to the bartender for a beer is quickly handed one. He picks up the glass and toasts himself.

GIB
(muttering)
Women.

He gulps it down, then BURPS, sadly and pathetically, not self-satisfied at all. He motions for another beer.

Two seats down from Gib, LOWLIFE #1, a balding pudgy guy with thick glasses, addresses the stripper in a monotone.

LOWLIFE #1
...Got one of those sweepstake fliers in the mail today. Can't figure out if it's worth the effort to send it in. Think I should bother?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at the stripper for a response. She continues to churn onstage, oblivious to the question.

LOWLIFE #1
Yeah, probably not.

Gib stares at Lowlife #1, confused. (NOTE: THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING EXCHANGE, IN THE BACKGROUND, LOWLIFE #1 CONTINUES HIS ONE-SIDED CONVERSATION WITH THE STRIPPER)

A middle-aged guy with a big beer belly, LOWLIFE #2, who sits on one side of Gib, stares fixedly at the stripper.

LOWLIFE #2
Boy, am I glad my wife died! This place is great!
(turns to Gib)
See her?
(indicates stripper)
She's from Paris.

At the mention of "Paris," LOWLIFE #3, a stocky man with a crew-cut who sits on the other side of Gib, looks up.

LOWLIFE #3
I wish I was in Paris right now. I was there right after the war. In Paris, the women don't give you a hard time like they do here. To the Parisian woman, sex is an art. And they're proud of it.

The three of them gravely sip their beers.

GIB
(to Lowlife #3)
Paris must have changed 'cause I was there with my family two summers ago and you know something?

Lowlife #3 looks up at Gib with interest.

GIB
They all want to fall in love before they'll do anything. The place is too damn romantic. I couldn't get anywhere. It sucked!

LOWLIFE #3
(stunned)
Not Paris, too!
(weakly)
Really?

Gib nods glumly.

CONTINUED:

GIB
Paris. It's not what it used to be. All the good sex migrated to California in the late Sixties.

LOWLIFE #3
(sadly)
I shoulda figured.

LOWLIFE #2 (fondly)
I drove to California once with my wife.
(stoically)
Boy, am I glad she's dead.

The three of them stare at their beers, depressed.

LOWLIFE #1
(to stripper)
I had fried food for lunch again today. I know I shouldn't have but I couldn't help myself. Do you think I lack self-discipline?

The stripper ignores him.

LOWLIFE #1
Yeah, you're right. I'd better watch it.

Gib taps Lowlife #2 and motions toward Lowlife #1.

GIB
What's with him?

LOWLIFE #2
Him? His old lady left him. He comes here for conversation.

The ROCK SONG ends. The bar is silent as the juke box shifts to the next song. Gib and the lowlifes stare listlessly into their beers.

The MUSIC begins. It is the warm, sentimental voice of BING CROSBY singing "WHITE CHRISTMAS."

Almost at once, all the lowlifes look up from their beers. The stripper is too surprised to strip. It is a solemn, depressing moment.

Then something magical occurs. A little GUY in back, in a pure, tremulous voice, starts to SING along with the record.

CONTINUED:

GUY
(singing)
"I'm dreaming of a White Christmas,
just like the ones I used to know--"

The lowlifes stare at the Guy, then slowly, one by one, start to join in.

LOWLIFES
(singing)
"Where the treetops glisten,
and children listen,
To hear sleighbells in the snow--"

The stripper smiles and begins dancing tentatively to the MUSIC. Gib joins in SINGING. The song gains momentum.

LOWLIFES
(singing)
"I'm dreaming of a White Christmas, etc"

The Stripper moves with energy and with grace. Gib and the lowlifes BELT it out with gusto.

LOWLIFES
(singing)
"I'm dreaming of a White Christmas, etc"

And then the song ends slowly. The room is silent again. The lowlifes stare at each other. Onstage, the stripper smiles brightly but wearily, exhausted by her peformance.

All at once, the lowlifes start to CHEER. Loudly. At the top of their lungs. A great ROAR. Gib cheers with them.

Another ROCK SONG begins. It's fast and it's loud.

Lowlife #3 turns to Gib and smiles. Lowlife #2 pats Gib on the back.

LOWLIFE #1
(to bartender)
<u>DRINKS ALL AROUND! THEY'RE ON ME!!!</u>

INT. ALISON'S MOTEL ROOM LATE NIGHT

Gib's letter jacket lies astrewn on the chair where he left it. Alison picks it up, slowly examines its many pins and patches, then hangs it up in the closet.

She approaches the bed where she has carefully laid out a feast of Gib's favorite junk foods: pink coconut sno-balls, cheese-flavored taco chips and beer. Alison makes some last minute touches when she hears a KEY in the lock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Immediately, she runs to a chair and sits down, pretending to be asleep.

Gib staggers into the room, drunk from accepting too many free beers. Alison slowly opens her eyes as if emerging from a deep sleep.

ALISON
(softly)
Gib? Where have you been?

Gib leans against a wall for support and looks at Alison blankly.

ALISON
(indicating the bed)
I thought you might be hungry.

GIB
(slurring his words)
Jason may be a real brain and all, but can he do this?

Gib takes a few haltering steps, then passes out, face-down on the bed, crushing the pink coconut sno-balls and the taco chips. He SNORES in his sleep.

Alison stares down at Gib. His face is covered with pink coconut sno-ball.

ALISON
(gently)
My hero.

She tries to budge Gib to one side of the bed. Gib's heavy, but finally Alison manages to move him a little and make room for herself on the bed. Fully clothed, she lies down on the bed next to Gib.

Gib grimaces in his sleep. He is suffering from the WHIRLIES. The room spins around and around, faster and faster until it...

DISSOLVES TO:

EXT. CALIFORNIA BEACH HOUSE NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE #2)

Gib sits in a jacuzzi on a terrace of an expensive beach house overlooking the ocean. His eyes are closed and he's exhausted. THE SURE THING, looking better than ever, comes up behind, wrapped in a kimono. She refills two champagne glasses, then steps out of her kimono and slithers naked into the water next to Gib. She strokes Gib's chest, trying to get his attention. Gib GROANS in response.

SURE THING
(nuzzling him)
Come on, Giblet. One more time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(...ing is an effort)
I can't ...ow...I promise...

SURE THING
...But it was soooo good. You were soooo masterful! Relentless--but with a delicate touch. Confident. Creative. I was overwhelmed. You're a true artist!

GIB
(moaning)
Just let me sleep a little while...
Regain my strength...Five minutes...

SURE THING
(whispering)
I can't wait that long!
(fervently)
PLEASE!!!

GIB
(sighing)
Oh, okay. If you insist. But just once.

She helps him to his feet. They walk hand in hand and enter into the beach house.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY THE NEXT MORNING

The lobby is dingy and dimly lit. Alison and Gib stand in front of the check-out desk, waiting to settle their bill. Behind the desk, the CLERK, a short, pudgy, unshaven man wearing a dirty white T-shirt stained at the armpits, adds up the total.

The phone begins to RING loudly. Gib cringes. He has a hangover.

CLERK
(ignoring the phone)
Okay, let's see. The Presidential Suite.
(beat)
That'll be twenty-two fifty.

Alison reaches into her purse. The phone continues to RING.

GIB
(in pain)
Somebody answer that! Please!

Alison picks up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON
(into phone)
Hola! No, no tenemous pescado hasta Miercoles. Muchas gracias!

She hangs up and turns to Gib and the Clerk who stare at her, dumbfounded.

ALISON
(brightly)
Wrong number.

EXT. MOTEL MORNING

Gib and Alison emerge from the motel. Alison counts her change, then reaches into her coat pocket for the rest of her money. She stops in midstep and begins rummaging through all her coat pockets.

ALISON
(alarmed)
It's not there.

GIB
What?

Alison takes off her coat and shakes it. Nothing drops out.

ALISON
The rest of the money. It's not there.

Gib turns to Alison wearing a worried expression.

ALISON
I put half in my purse and half in my coat for safekeeping. Just before I got into that van.

GIB
(panicking)
But I was depending on you!

ALISON
(grim)
Those assholes must have ripped me off.

GIB
(anxious)
How much do we have left?

Alison stares at the change from the motel in her hand.

ALISON
(glumly)
Just some change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIB
That's just great! How're we going to eat? I'm already starving. I only had one meal yesterday and I lost it somewhere.

Alison continues to stare sullenly at the money in her hand.

GIB
How will we survive?

Alison slowly looks at Gib.

ALISON
(gravely)
I don't know.

The situation seems desperate. They stare at each other. Finally, Alison picks up her suitcase and starts to walk down the road. Gib hurries to catch up with her and they continue down the road in somber silence.

EXT. GAS STATION LUNCH TIME

Gib and Alison stare ravenously at the contents of a candy machine.

ALISON
(glumly)
I've only got thirty cents.

GIB
(digging through his pockets)
You never realize how hungry you are until you're broke.
(finds something)
Wait, here's a nickel!

ALISON
(reproachfully)
So you've been holding out on me all along!

They turn back to the machine. Alison puts her money in, then Gib.

GIB
Milky Way's fill you up...

ALISON
...The raisins will be nutritious...

They each pull on the knob for their respective selections simultaneously.

A tiny pack of gum drops into the bottom.

Gib and Alison stare at each other in dismay. Alison picks

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

up the gum and inspects it sorrowfully.

GIB
(defeated)
Some team we are.

INT. STATION WAGON DAY

Gib and Alison sit in the back on either side of an incredibly cute, precocious little boy, BILLY, who is about four years old. They gaze out their windows, preoccupied with their plight, and chew their gum.

BILLY
Mommy, when do we have Christmas dinner?

Billy's MOTHER smiles. She is a pleasant-looking surburban housewife. Active in the local PTA, the local bridge club and mastermind behind the latest bake sale.

MOTHER
On Christmas day, silly.

BILLY
What's Grandma gonna make?

Mother smiles at FATHER, who wears a cardigan sweater and puffs on a pipe. He's a prominent member of the local Chamber of Commerce.

MOTHER
(warmly)
Well, let's see. There's gonna be a great big turkey, all crispy on the outside and filled with chestnut stuffing...

Gib turns from the window and stares at Mother, hunger gleaming in his eyes.

BILLY
Can I have a drumstick?

Alison turns from her window and gives Billy an envious look.

FATHER
(chuckling)
I don't see why not, Billy.

BILLY
(innocently)
What else are we having?

CONTINUED:

MOTHER
Sweet potatoes, the kind with marshmallows baked on top...

Alison begins to lick her lips, her mouth watering. Gib smiles weakly. They both begin to chew on their gum violently.

BILLY
What else?

FATHER
Well, there's my favorite. Crunchy green beans with almonds and plenty of butter...

Gib and Alison have crazed looks.

BILLY
What else?

They turn to Billy and stare at him with hate.

MOTHER
Ice cream and brownies and chocolate chip cookies...

Gib can't take it any more.

GIB
(excited)
What else?!?

Mother, Father, and little Billy all turn to Gib in surprise.

EXT. REST STOP EVENING

Gib and Alison sit on their suitcases by the side of the highway, staring listlessly at the passing cars.

ALISON
(impassive)
It's getting dark.

GIB
(dully)
And we're getting nowhere.

ALISON
I'm hungry.

GIB
I'm hungry and cold.

CONTINUED:

ALISON
I'm hungry and cold and tired.

It starts to drizzle, but both Alison and Gib are too defeated to notice.

GIB
I'm hungry and cold and tired
and my feet hurt...
(beat)
and I swallowed my gum...

The rain is now a steady downpour. Gib and Alison continue to sit on their suitcases in a stupor. Alison brushes some droplets of water off her face.

ALISON
(listlessly)
...and it's raining.

GIB
(dazed)
It's raining?

We hear a ROAR of THUNDER. Gib and Alison look up at the sky, then at each other. It's really coming down hard.

GIB/ALISON
IT'S RAINING!!!

They grab their suitcases and start to run for shelter, but there isn't any. They're getting drenched.

Finally, Gib spots an abandoned horse trailer at one corner of the parking lot. They make a mad dash for it.

THE HORSE TRAILER

is filthy even from the outside.

ALISON
What stinks?

GIB
But it's our new home. Aren't you happy, darling?

He finds a padlock on the door and tugs on it.

ALISON
(alarmed)
We can't sleep here!

GIB
(grim)
It's locked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The rain is getting worse and they're getting even wetter. Gib pulls on the lock again.

ALISON
We're really scrapping the bottom of the barrel.

GIB
(concentrating on lock)
Take your pick.
(indicates rain)
Wet barrel.
(pulls on lock)
Dry barrel.

Gib tries jiggling the lock. He tries twisting it. He picks up a rock and starts hitting it.

ALISON
Well, I suppose we can always ask room service to send up a maid.

Gib pounds the lock with all his might.

ALISON
Here, try this.

She opens her purse and pulls out a plastic credit card.

ALISON
Can't you pry it open with one of these?

She extends the card. Gib looks at it quickly, then continues pounding at the lock in frustration.

GIB
(sarcastically)
No, you can't pry it open with one of <u>these</u>!
(exasperated)
Credit cards work on a completely different kind of lock.

Gib pauses for air, then tries a new tactic. He pounds and tugs at the same time.

ALISON
Excuse me, I'm not a hardened criminal.

GIB
(scornfully)
Credit card!
(it hits him)
Credit card?

CONTINUED:

He stops tugging at the lock and slowly turns to her in disbelief.

ALISON
(sheepishly)
My father gave it to me. But I'm only supposed to use it in emergencies.

Gib continues to stare at her wordlessly. The rain continues to pour.

INT. COUNTRY INN/RESTAURANT NIGHT

The kind of place that's full of wood beams and pewter pots. In the fireplace, logs CRACKLE and POP. Candlelight from each table casts a warm, orange glow over the room.

GIB
Have some of my veal. It's fantastic.

Alison and Gib sit at a table right next to the fire. The room is dark and romantic. Their table is covered with food. They consume it slowly, savoring each bite.

ALISON
(smiling)
Only if you try some of this salmon.

GIB
It's a deal.

They exchange tastes.

ALISON
So you were saying?

GIB
Oh yeah, anyway, my father grew up on a farm and he always thought it was a shame that we only saw the suburbs. So he took us all on these really great camping trips...

Gib reaches for the bottle of wine.

GIB
More wine?

ALISON
A noble suggestion!

She holds out her glass. Gib fills it up, then pours some more for himself.

CONTINUED:

GIB
...One night I was sleeping in my Cub Scout tent with my brother--I must have been six, or seven--and I woke up suddenly in the middle of the night. And I really, really wanted to go outside. I don't know why. I just had to get outside...

He sips his wine.

GIB
It was dark. Totally dark. Not the way it gets dark in the city or even in the suburbs, but absolute blackness. You couldn't see two inches in front of your face...

He pauses for another bite of food. Alison listens intently.

GIB
But there was one thing you could see. Millions of things, really. The stars.

Gib has stopped eating.

GIB
There were more stars out that night than I've ever seen since--and believe me, I've looked.
(beat)
We were in this high, flat place, and the sky looked like the biggest planetarium you ever saw in your whole life. It felt like the stars came down all around you.
(gazes at her earnestly)
You know what I mean?

ALISON
(unsure)
Yeah--I think so.

GIB
So I'm looking up there and I'm thinking each one of those dots of lights is another world--I didn"t know the difference between the stars and planets then--

Alison smiles. Gib is oblivious. He's too busy reliving that night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIB
But it made me feel very small--
which I was; I was only about three
feet tall--and very lonely.
(beat)
But then I thought, maybe on each world,
there's a little kid just like me, only
maybe he's in the shape of a sponge or
pinball machine or something. But maybe
he's up there, and he's on a camping trip,
and he's looking at the stars, too.
(emotionally)
And I decided, I wanna meet this guy!

There is a long pause as Gib looks at Alison searchingly.

GIB
Do you understand what I mean?

ALISON
(with conviction)
I'm pretty sure I do.

They gaze at each other thoughtfully. The candlelight sputters and glows. The wine heightens the moment.

ALISON
(smiling)
Well, I think you'd make a great
astronaut.
(sips her wine)
You could moon the moon!

They laugh warmly. Gib pours them both more wine. He is a little embarrassed by his show of emotion.

GIB
Some astronaut! I got completely lost
and fell asleep on the ground. The next
morning, my parents found me like three
feet away from the tent. I got a good
spanking!

Alison laughs. Gib stares at her, sheepishly. The hostess approaches, carrying a basket of long-stemmed, red roses.

HOSTESS
(to Gib)
A rose for the lady?

GIB
(to Alison)
Would the lady care for a rose?

Alison gazes at Gib and nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIB
Would the lady care to advance the gentleman the cost of a rose?

Alison laughs softly, then nods. Gib reaches for the rose.

GIB
(to hostess)
Put it on the bill.

He looks deep into Alison's eyes and solemnly hands her the rose.

GIB
(almost in a whisper)
For you.

Alison sniffs the rose delicately, then looks up at Gib and smiles.

ALISON
(shyly)
Thank you.

GIB
(shrugging)
It was nothing.

INT. BEDROOM, COUNTRY INN NIGHT

The rose sits in a glass on top of a chest.

The bedroom is just as quaint as the restaurant. It's full of old furniture and quilts.

Alison, wearing her nightgown, quietly slips into bed. Gib emerges from the bathroom wearing his pajamas. He takes a quilt from the closet, a pillow from the bed and prepares to sleep on the floor. Alison watches him, wide-eyed.

ALISON
You don't have to sleep on the floor.

GIB
You're sure?

She nods. Gib hesitates for a moment, then climbs into bed next to her.

GIB
(with conviction)
I won't try anything. I swear.

ALISON
(laughing)
I trust you.

CONTINUED:

She turns over on her side and snaps off the lights. The room is dark and quiet.

ALISON
Goodnight, Gib.

GIB
Goodnight, Alison.

They lie side by side in the darkness. Gib concentrates on controlling his breathing and his movement, trying to avoid anything that might appear suspicious.

Alison has her back to Gib, but her eyes are wide open and she's feeling restless.

ALISON
So what's your girlfriend like? What's her name? Betty?

Gib is confused. He'd forgotten he had a "girlfriend."

GIB
My girlfriend?
(remembering his phone conversation with Lance)
Oh yeah, my girlfriend.
(reciting)
Well, she's got long legs. A great body. Very, uhh, graceful. The skin--is soft and deeply tanned.
(quickly)
And she's got long, brown, silky hair.

Alison is perplexed. That isn't what she had in mind.

ALISON
But what's she like? You know, as a person?

GIB
(thinking hard)
As a person? Well...she goes to U.C.L.A...

ALISON
(brightly)
That's where Jason goes!

GIB
(struggling for the words)
Well, she's...she's really, she's really something!

CONTINUED:

ALISON
(expecting more)
And?

Gib feels satisfied with his description. There is a brief silence.

ALISON
Do you miss her?

Gib smiles despite himself.

GIB
Well, it has been a long time.
(beat)
Do you miss what's-his-name? Jeremy?

ALISON
Jason.
(beat)
Sure, I haven't seen him since last summer.

Gib suddenly feels drowsy. The wine is taking its effect.

GIB
What's he like?

ALISON
Well, he's very directed. A real achiever.

GIB
Yeah, but what's he like? Is he funny? What kind of beer does he drink?

ALISON
We both want the same things out of life. We both want to be lawyers and and damn good lawyers. We might even open a practice together in some small town. Like in New Hampshire or someplace.

GIB
Oh, he's the out-doorsy type.

ALISON
Not really, it's just that we're both really into old houses. We'd like to maybe find an old farmhouse and restore it ourselves. Jason thinks it'd make a great investment. I don't care about that as long as it's warm and cozy.
(beat)
Kind of like this.

CONTINUED:

Gib is fighting a losing battle to stay awake.

ALISON
(excited)
Oh--and we're both crazy about long-haired dachshunds!

We suddenly hear Gib SNORE. Alison turns to him and sees that he has drifted off to sleep.

ALISON
(to herself)
Yeah, I guess it all does sound pretty tame.

Asleep, Gib looks sweet, innocent and vulnerable--almost like a little boy. Alison gazes at him.

ALISON
(softly)
Goodnight, Gib.

She rolls over on her side, away from Gib, and floats off to sleep.

Gib smiles widely in his sleep as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM, CALIFORNIA BEACH HOUSE NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE #3)

Gib hears the sound of WATER RUNNING in the shower. Slowly, he gets out of bed and walks over to the bathroom door. He opens it a crack and peers in.

Through the steam and the mist, he can detect the naked figure of a beautiful woman luxuriating in the shower. It is THE SURE THING. She smiles and motions for Gib to join her.

Gib's face breaks into a broad smile. Excited, he undresses frantically, almost tripping over his pants legs, and enters the bathroom.

The steam is thick, and he can barely see The Sure Thing. He makes his way to her. She turns around to embrace him.

Only, instead of The Sure Thing, it is Alison. She smiles and whispers softly.

ALISON
Jason.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM NIGHT

Gib lurches awake, beads of sweat running down his forehead. What a nightmare. He rubs his eyes and tries to clear his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The room is dark and quiet. Next to Gib lies Alison sound asleep. Gib gazes at her in silence. Asleep, she looks so pretty, so innocent, so warm.

Reassured and relieved, Gib drifts back to sleep.

INT. MOTEL ROOM LATE MORNING

Alison and Gib lie asleep in each other's arms like lovers.

We hear a KNOCK on the door.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Maid!

Gib doesn't move. There is another KNOCK on the door.

MAID (O.S.)
Maid!

GIB
Come back later!

Then he falls back again, hardly notcing that he is entwined with Alison. She wakes up slowly with a smile but assumes a horrified expression when she discovers Gib's arm draped over her, and his head nestled against her shoulder.

To her embarrassment, she further disoovers that her arms are around Gib. She pulls away quickly, waking him. Gib looks up at her with sleepy eyes. Alison lifts his arm off her.

GIB
(awkwardly)
Sorry.
(beat)
I must have been dreaming.

He moves away from her and sits up in bed. Alison leaps from the bed.

ALISON
(nervous)
Me too.

Visibly shaken, Alison sits down in a chair, facing away from Gib, and starts brushing her hair vigorously.

Wearing a broad smile, Gib watches her from the bed. He feels great. He stretches out lazily. Everything seems bright, fresh and new. He can't understand it. He gazes at Alison tenderly.

GIB
You know, you've got really nice hair.

Immediately, Alison freezes in mid-stroke. This is not what she wants to hear. She throws down her brush and grabs her suitcase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She drops the suitcase on the bed, SNAPS open the latches, and starts to pack very methodically, quickly and carefully.

Gib watches her in admiration.

GIB
That's great, the way you do that. You..turn the shirts inside out and all, then pull the sleeves right through... and it's like, everything fits in great, you know, but nothing gets wrinkled... that's great 'cause I just jam everything in and...Well, it's a real mess.
(beat)
You're really good at that...

ALISON
(brusquely; cutting him off)
I learned it from Jason. My boyfriend. My boyfriend. Jason.

GIB
(beaming)
Well, I think it's great!

Exasperated, Alison dumps her suitcase and starts jamming clothes into. She looks at Gib for his reaction. He smiles at her affectionately and chuckles softly.

ALISON
(suspicious)
Why are you smiling?

GIB
(still smiling)
You're really cute in the morning.

ALISON
(sternly)
Well stop it. It makes me nervous.
(uneasy)
You know, nothing happened last night.

GIB
(pleasantly)
I know. I just think you're cute. I'm glad I got to know you that's all.

He gets out of bed, HUMMING. Alison, looking very flustered but moved, watches him, then darts for the bathroom.

ALISON
I think you're crazy.

She closes the bathroom door behind her. Gib gazes at the door, smiles as he continues HUMMING, and starts to pack, folding his clothes very carefully, the way Alison did it.

EXT. HIGHWAY TWILIGHT

Alison and Gib sit close together on their suitcases by the side of the highway. Traffic whizzes by, unnoticed. Gib takes a sip of a beer then hands it to Alison.

GIB
(laughing)
You've got to swallow the air, then let it out.

ALISON
Like this?

Alison takes a sip of the beer, then makes a feeble, funny attempt at a BURP.

GIB
You call that a burp? I call that a slow leak.

They laugh. Gib takes another sip of the beer, then BURPS loudly. He turns to Alison and smiles proudly.

GIB
See what I mean? It's all in the wrists.

A huge fourteen-wheel tractor trailer ROARS past them then pulls over to the side of the highway.

Gib and Alison grab their suitcases and run to the truck. A big burly TRUCKER leans out the window.

TRUCKER
Where you headin'?

ALISON
Los Angeles!

TRUCKER
Today's your lucky day! Jump in!

Alison and Gib climb into the truck.

INT. TRUCK NIGHT

Gib sits next to the Trucker. Alison leans against the door, asleep.

TRUCKER
(to Gib)
What's in California?

GIB
A girl.

Alison is facing away from Gib and we can see that she's not asleep at all, but is listening intently to the conversation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRUCKER
(indicating Alison)
What about her?

Gib shakes his head.

GIB
She's got a boyfriend.

TRUCKER
Too bad.

Silence. Gib gazes at Alison softly. You can tell by his expression that he agrees.

TRUCKER
So what's <u>your</u> girl like?

Another brief silence.

GIB
I don't know. I've never met her.
(beat)
And at the rate I'm going. I'm never going to meet her. She'll be gone in another 24 hours.
(beat)
It's just as well. Probably wouldn't have worked out anyway.

TRUCKER
(confused)
Wait a second, let me get this straight. You're going cross country
(beat)
to see a girl
(beat)
you've never met?

GIB
(nodding)
That's right.

TRUCKER
(still confused)
I don't get it.

Gib looks at Alison who still appears to be asleep. Gib leans toward the trucker, smiling.

GIB
(conspiratorially)
My best friend set it up. Apparently, she's a SURE THING!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRUCKER
(impressed)
A SURE THING?
(suspicious)
How sure?

GIB
As sure as the sun shines,
As sure as rain falls,
As sure as a fat girl sweats!

They laugh like old friends sharing an inside joke.

CLOSE UP TRUCKER'S FOOT

flooring the accelerator pedal.

CLOSE UP SPEEDOMETER

the needle climbs rapidly towards ninety.

INT. TRUCK

The Trucker wears a crazed, shit-eating expression.

TRUCKER
DON'T WORRY KID, WE'LL GET YOU THERE ON TIME!!

He pulls on his HORN twice: HONK! HONK! Gib laughs excitedly.

CLOSE UP ALISON

registers confusion, shock and betrayal.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) The truck zooms past snow-covered farmland.
B) The truck winds through rugged mountains.
C) The truck races across barren desert.
D) The truck sweeps along the blue Pacific coast.

EXT. U.C.L.A. CAMPUS EVENING

Alison and Gib jump out.

TRUCKER
(smiling widely)
Good luck!

He gives Gib the thumbs up sign.

GIB
No problem!
(beat)
And thanks!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The truck pulls away, blasting it diesel HORN. Alison grabs her suitcase and starts to walk away. Gib grabs his and hurries to catch up with her.

GIB
What's eating you?

Alison abruptly drops her suitcase and faces Gib.

ALISON
Be sure and give my regards to Betty.

GIB
(suddenly nervous)
I will.

ALISON
I have to hand it to you. You really had me fooled. I thought you had changed, but only thing that changed was your technique!
(picks up her suitcase)
And to think I actually trusted you!

Gib is too stunned to speak.

ALISON
(bitingly)
I'm sure you and Betty will be very, very, very, very, very, very happy, Gib. She sounds like a SURE THING!!

She picks up her suitcase and storms away. Gib watches her walk away in silence. He doesn't know what to say.

GIB
(weakly)
Alison, I can explain everything!

But she's too faraway to hear. Gib watches as Alison walks up to a dorm and dials a phone adjacent to the door. Seconds later, the door opens and Alison embraces her boyfriend JASON in the doorway. Jason picks up her suitcase and puts his arm around her. The door SLAMS behind them.

Gib stands in the middle of the green staring open-mouthed at the door. His heart thumps and his mouth is suddenly dry. Slowly, he picks up his suitcase and starts to walk away to where Lance and the Sure Thing await.

INT. JASON'S ROOM EARLY EVENING

THROUGH A WINDOW, we can see the tiny figure of Gib lugging his suitcase across the green.

JASON (O.S.)
Let's see--I cleared out this drawer and you can use this half of the closet. I bought some of those hangars you like. And we can put your bags up here so they'll be out of the way.

We PULL BACK to see that Alison is gazing out the window, watching Gib with mixed emotions.

Behind her, Jason tidies up the room, making sure it looks its best for company. He is the handsome, square-jawed type. He wears thick black-framed glasses, a corduroy sports coat with leather patches on the elbows and a crew-neck sweater. He walks over to the bed and pulls back the bedspread with a flourish.

JASON
(proudly)
And look--flannel sheets! The longer you use them, the softer they get. By the time we find our farmhouse, they'll be incredible.
(beat)
Alison?

She looks up at him blankly.

JASON
You okay? You seem very distant. Like you're not all here.

ALISON
(attempting brightness)
I'm just happy, that's all.

JASON
Well, you don't look too happy.
(laughing)
You look like you just lost your best friend.

ALISON
(startled)
What do you mean by that?

JASON
(taken aback)
Nothing--it was just a figure of speech. I didn't mean anything by it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gives Alison an odd look. Alison sighs.

ALISON
I'm sorry Jason. I don't know what's the matter with me. I guess I'm just exhausted by my trip. You were very sweet to go to all that trouble for me.
(beat)
The sheets are very nice.

JASON
I know what you need! You need a good hot mug of tea. Restores both body and spirit.

He walks over to a cupboard and starts examining a stack of tins.

JASON
Let's see, this week we have Darjeeling, English Breakfast--no, that was always a studying tea, Lapsang Souchong--for those rainy mornings, Earl Grey--remember that camping trip in Vermont?

Alison is not listening. She looks listlessly out the window. Jason searches through the cupboard. He picks up a tin of tea and snaps his fingers in delight.

JASON
Of course! China Black! That's what you need!
(turns to her)
So how 'bout it, Alison? A little China Black?

He waits eagerly for her answer. She continues to gaze out the window, very distracted, then turns to him.

ALISON
Do you have any beer?

EXT. LANCE'S DORM EARLY EVENING

Gib stands outside the dorm checking a piece of paper with Lance's address on it with the numbers above the door. Two guys brush past him, rolling a keg of beer into the dorm.

INT. LANCE'S DORM

Gib weaves his way through a mass of guys who are busy setting up grass cloths, tiki torches, bamboo and potted palm trees. Two guys unfurl a hand-painted banner which says "HAVE A TAHITIAN CHRISTMAS."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At one corner of the room, Lance expertly sets up bar. He's wearing bermuda shorts, a red silk smoking jacket and sunglasses. He looks up and sees Gib. He acts very casual as if he had last seen Gib just a few hours ago.

LANCE
Gib, good to see you.
(they shake hands)
Glad you could make it.

Gib is still shaken from his encounter with Alison.

GIB
Yeah, I made it alright.

Lance pours Gib a beer and hands it to him. Gib smiles weakly. Lance turns to the other guys in the room.

LANCE
Hey guys, come meet my buddy Gib!
He made it on time. Just like I
told you he would!

The other GUYS immediately stop working and crowd around Gib to shake his hand. One of the guys pushes through to meet Gib and grabs Gib's hand, pumping it furiously.

GUY #1
(to Gib; in awe)
Three thousand miles to get laid!
(solemnly)
I really respect that.

Lance punches Gib playfully on the shoulder.

LANCE
(proud)
I knew you could do it.

He takes Gib by the arm.

LANCE
C'mon, you better rest up and re-
harge those booster rockets.
Blast-off is in T-minus three hours
and counting!

EXT. JACUZZI EVENING

Lance and Gib sit side by side, drinking beer, in a hot, steaming jacuzzi.

LANCE
(exuberant)
Ever done it in one of these? You get a little seasick but it's not bad. You should try it sometime.
(laughs)
Maybe tonight, eh?

Gib stares blankly at Lance. He's still thinking about Alison.

GIB
(glum)
I'd probably drown.

LANCE
So what took you so long? For awhile, I thought you were a goner.

GIB
I ran into a few complications.

Lance gives his friend a long, searching look. Complications could mean only one thing...

LANCE
(smiling broadly; congratulatory)
Alright! You old dawg, you!
(indicates a set of breasts with his hands)
Good-sized complications?

GIB
(stonily)
Complicated complications.

LANCE
(excited)
And the breast portions?
(indicating a huge pair)
Watermelons?

Gib doesn't respond. Lance interprets Gib's silence as an answer.

LANCE
(a little less excited; indicates a marginally smaller pair)
Grapefruits?

Gib doesn't respond.

CONTINUED:

LANCE
(disappointed; indicates a tiny pair)
Lemons?

No response.

LANCE
(appalled; indicates a saggy, droopy set)
National Geographic?

GIB
(icily)
I didn't notice.

LANCE
(excited again)
So did you dock in space? Did you achieve lift-off? How was she?

GIB
(getting angry)
Let's just drop it okay? I don't feel like talking about her.

LANCE
(exasperated)
Hey, what's the problem? Did you plug her or not?

There is a long silence as Gib sips his beer.

GIB
(finally)
She has a boyfriend.

LANCE
(confused)
So?

GIB
She thinks I'm slime.

LANCE
(more confused)
So?

GIB
(defensive)
It was a matter of morals.

CONTINUED:

LANCE
(grinning)
You have no morals, Gib. Who do you think you're kidding? This is Lance you're talking to, remember?

GIB
(bitterly)
Thanks a lot.
(beat)
Besides, this girl's different.

Lance laughs, then takes a sip of beer.

LANCE
Sure, she's different. She's getting it and you're not.

Gib looks up, startled. Lance's words have penetrated.

INT. JASON'S ROOM EVENING

The room is quiet except for the SOUND of a CLOCK TICKING relentlessly.

Jason and Alison sit across from each other. Jason sips his tea. Alison slowly drains the last of a beer then places it in a row next to three already empty bottles. She immediately opens another beer.

JASON
He gave me a B+. I couldn't believe it. I was depressed for weeks. So finally, I arranged to do an extra credit assignment to bring my grade back up.
(sips his tea)
So what do you think happened?

Alison BELCHES LOUDLY, then covers her mouth with her hand in embarrassment.

JASON
(disgusted)
That's charming!
(beat)
You better go easy on that stuff.

ALISON
(giddy)
Protein. Good for you.

JASON
Since when are you a beer drinker anyway?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alison doesn't respond. Instead, she stands and impulsively dances across the floor. She twirls and whirls until she's out of breath. Jason watches, wide-eyed.

ALISON
Let's do something!
(beat)
Let's go to Disneyland!

JASON
Disneyland is for kids.

He picks up a newspaper and buries himself in it. Alison continues to waltz by herself. The TICKING of the CLOCK has become LOUD and IRRITATING.

ALISON
(gayly)
Let's get a map of the stars' homes.
I want to see where Teri Garr lives.

Jason shakes his head, dismissing the idea.

JASON
Too much driving.

Alison plops down in a chair, dejected.

INT. PARTY, LANCE'S DORM NIGHT

On stage, a band, wearing grass skirts and lais, is blasting LOUD, RAUCOUS ROCK MUSIC.

Gib and Lance stand by the punchbowl. They're wearing button-down shirts and sarongs. Lance pours a bottle of gin into the punch, then a bottle of scotch.

LANCE
So what's the first thing you do?

GIB
I dance with her.

LANCE
You <u>slow</u> dance with her. Then what?

GIB
We sit down for ten minutes.

LANCE
(sharply)
No, listen to me. Pay attention.
You <u>talk</u> to her for minutes, then
you sit down for ten minutes, then you
ask her back to my place for a drink.
(beat)
What happens next?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIB
I give her a drink.

LANCE
Beer, wine, or hard liquor?

GIB
Hard liquor.

LANCE
And then?

GIB
(shrugging)
I jump on her?

LANCE
No! You tell her you love her, then you jump on her.

A pretty girl in a tight, clinging sarong saunters past them.

GIRL
Merry Christmas!

LANCE
(smiling wolfishly)
I love you!

The girl walks away, ignoring him. Lance turns to Gib.

LANCE
(incredulous)
I don't think she believes me.

INT. JASON'S ROOM

From across the quad, we can hear the ROCK MUSIC. Jason and Alison sit on the bed, playing cards. Jason picks a card from the pile. He methodically rearranges his hand. His face breaks out in a wide, triumphant smile.

JASON
GIN!

He shows Alison his cards, then reaches over and grabs her cards.

JASON
That's twenty-five for me plus...
(counts her cards)
5-15-17-21-25-35-43. Twenty-five and forty-three makes sixty-eight.
(laughs gleefully)
That makes the score 233 to 8!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alison wanders to the window and stares dreamily across the green at the party. Jason shuffles the cards.

ALISON
Oh, look, somebody's having a party.
(turns to Jason)
Let's go. It'll be fun.

JASON
(as he shuffles)
You know how I feel about parties. They're hot and crowded and loud and the only reason to go is to pick up women.
(looks up at her)
Now why would I want to do that?

Alison looks out the window again, then walks over to Jason, and tries to pull him from the bed.

ALISON
C'mon Jason, don't be so sensible. Let's do something fun, something spontaneous for a change.

Jason cuts the cards.

ALISON
(frustrated)
Don't you ever want to cut loose? Do something crazy? Something pointless? Something totally off-the-wall?

JASON
I'll tell you what. I'll spot you fifty points. Add a little excitement to the game.

ALISON
(almost in a frenzy)
Haven't you ever wanted to throw eggs at a cop car?!?

JASON
(horrified)
Don't be absurd!

He starts to deal the cards. Alison stares at him, then starts to kiss and nuzzle his neck.

ALISON
(whispering)
If you go to the party, I'll let you pick me up.

Jason looks up at her, interested.

INT. PARTY, LANCE'S DORM NIGHT

The party is more crowded now and the MUSIC even more raucous. Gib, Lance and a couple other guys stand around the punchbowl, exchanging dirty jokes.

GUY #1
(finishing up)
...so the nurse says, "Periscope?!! I thought you said stethoscope!!"

The guys all crack up, LAUGHING. Suddenly, Lance grabs Gib's arm and points excitedly toward the entrance of the room.

LANCE
Look! Is it a bird? A plane? No, it's...

Gib turns to look. The room is crowded so he can't spot her at first, butthen she comes into full view. She wears a tiny, almost minuscule sarong. Long, lithe legs. Trim, tight body. Long, silky hair. She's everything Lance promised and more. Everything Gib hoped and prayed for and more. She's gorgeous. She is the girl on the beach. She is the girl in Gib's dreams. She is...

LANCE (O.S.)
The Sure Thing!

Gib stares at her, open-mouthed. Lance turns to him, beaming.

LANCE
You like that?
(elbowing Gib playfully)
Smile man. You're supposed to be having fun. Remember that when you're with her. It's important.

Gib reluctantly looks away from The Sure Thing and turns to Lance.

GIB
(glumly)
Lance, you're going to kill me. I appreciate everything you've done for me, I really do. But I don't think I can go through with this.

Lance stares hard at Gib, incredulous.

LANCE
What are you talking about? She isn't pretty enough?

GIB
Of course she is.

CONTINUED:

LANCE
She doesn't have a nonstop body?

GIB
Sure she does.

LANCE
(excitedly)
Protruberant mammaries? Wraparound legs? Gib, I'm telling you, this girl's got everything!

Lance stares fixedly at Gib, waiting for an answer.

GIB
(finally)
I dunno, Lance. I'm almost nineteen. Maybe I'm getting too old for this.

LANCE
(exasperated)
What do you want Gib, a goddamn relationship?

GIB
(confused)
I don't know what I want.

Lance decides to try a new strategy.

LANCE
Gib, think of it this way: every relationship starts with a one night stand.

Gib is not impressed.

LANCE
Gib, you can't choke now! Remember all those opportunities fatally snarled in the tangled confines of the back seat!

ALISON AND JASON

enter the party. They stand out since they're the only people not wearing tropical outfits.

GIB

stares longingly at Alison.

LANCE
Think back on all those expectations dashed by a goodnight kiss and a gently closed door!!

ALISON AND JASON

Jason puts his arm around Alison, trying to guide her through the throng.

GIB'S

eyes narrow. Lance grabs him by the shoulders and starts shaking him. Violently. Anything to get through.

LANCE
(desperate)
Those lost, empty hours spent rehearsing--alone! And for what?!?
(points dramatically across the room at The Sure Thing)
For THAT!
(beat)
Go for it, Gib. You've earned it!!

Gib turns to Lance.

GIB
(decisive)
You're right.

LANCE
(mystified)
I am?

GIB
It's not like I'm being unfaithful to anyone.

Lance nods excitedly, trying to humor his friend.

GIB
Hell, I need a torrid night of cheap, meaningless, wanton lust!
(takes a deep breath)
Let's go!!

ALISON AND JASON

weave their way through the crowd.

JASON
(distastefully)
Would you look at the way these people are dressed? It's ludicrous!

ALISON
(laughing)
I don't know. I think you'd look rather distinguished in a sarong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON
(sc[illegible]ng)
What's wrong with you? You used to hate parties.

Alison's expression of delight quickly turns to one of shock and dismay as she sees:

GIB

being introduced by Lance to The Sure Thing. Gib and The Sure Thing smile at each other and shake hands.

ALISON AND JASON

Jason gasps for breath.

JASON
Oh my God, Alison, I can't breathe! They've used up all the oxygen!

Alison grabs Jason's arm.

ALISON
(anxious; her heart pounding)
Who's that girl over there?

She points at The Sure Thing.

JASON
(smiling for the first time)
Oh her? She's The Sure Thing.

Alison's eyes widen in shock.

GIB, LANCE, AND THE SURE THING

have finished their introductions. The Sure Thing smiles at Gib. Already, there's heavy eye contact between them.

SURE THING
(in a husky, seductive voice)
I can't believe you came three thousand miles just to see Lance.
(beat)
That's really something.

GIB
(grins at Lance)
What are friends for?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SURE THING
(laughing)
Tell me, was it worth it?

Gib turns to see if Alison is watching him. Lance elbows him.

LANCE
(to Gib, pointedly)
That remains to be seen.
(turns to Sure Thing)
Excuse me, but I better go check the punch. I can see the alcohol evaporating.

He pulls Gib over to one side for a moment.

LANCE
(whispers rapidly)
Remember, slow dance--ten minutes--sit down--ten minutes--hard liquor--I love you!

He gives Gib a good luck pat on the shoulder, then retreats, leaving Gib and The Sure Thing standing alone together.

SURE THING
I've heard a lot about you.

Gib is distracted by the sight of Alison smiling at Jason. He turns to The Sure Thing.

GIB
What? I can't hear you.
(motions toward band)
The music!

SURE THING
(louder)
I said I've heard a lot about you.

GIB
Anything good?

SURE THING
(smiling)
Well, Lance told me you were very handsome.

GIB
(grinning despite himself)
True.

He pours them both a cup of punch.

CONTINUED:

SURE THING
He said you liked to party...

Gib raises his cup.

GIB
I'll drink to that!

They toast. Gib drains his cup in one long gulp.

SURE THING
....but that you're shy.

GIB
You like shy guys?

SURE THING
(flirtatious)
I like a challenge.

ALISON AND JASON

stand alongside a wall. Jason looks like he's going to be sick. Alison stares across the room at Gib. A couple of dancers bump into them. Alison turns to Jason.

ALISON
C'mon, let's dance.

Jason takes out a handkerchief and dabs his forehead.

JASON
It's hot enough as it is!
(suspicious)
Since when do you like to dance?

Alison grabs him by the hand.

ALISON
Since tonight. C'mon!

She pulls him after her.

GIB AND THE SURE THING

continue their mating dance.

SURE THING
...He said you were very shy and very modest.

Gib's expression hardens as he notices Alison and Jason gyrating on the dance floor. He turns to The Sure Thing.

GIB
Did Lance mention what a great dancer I am?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SURE THING
I can't seem to recall that.

GIB
Well, I am.
(takes her by the hand)
C'mon!

He leads her through the sweating, throbbing crowd and stakes out a spot right next to where Alison and Jason are dancing. Gib and Alison exchange long, condemning looks, then Alison turns back to Jason and the MUSIC.

Gib stares after Alison then turns back to The Sure Thing. They writhe and whirl to the fast, almost vicious, ROCK MUSIC.

GIB
(shouting as he dances)
WHAT ELSE DID LANCE TELL YOU?

SURE THING
HE SAID YOU WANTED TO BE AN ASTRO-
NAUT...

GIB
(smiling broadly for
Alison's benefit)
AND?

SURE THING
AND THAT YOU'RE A VIRGIN!
(giggles)
HE THINKS YOU MIGHT BE GAY!!

Several people on the dance floor, including Alison and Jason, turn and look at Gib curiously. Gib stares back at them, totally stunned.

GIB
(incredulous)
<u>WHAT</u>?

SURE THING
(shouting louder)
I SAID HE SAID YOU WERE...

Quick as a flash, Gib grabs The Sure Thing, burying her head in his shoulder, trying to stifle her. They start SLOW dancing to the FAST MUSIC.

GIB
(whispers fiercely)
<u>QUIET</u>!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SURE THING
You don't have to be embarrassed.
(giggles)
I find it exciting.
(pulls him closer)
You <u>are</u> a good dancer!

She smiles at him alluringly. Gib stares at her in disbelief.

ALISON AND JASON

Alison sees Gib slow dancing with The Sure Thing. Her lips tighten in anger. She turns back to Jason and engulfs him in a bear hug.

JASON
(appalled)
Can't you wait?
There's people around!

ALISON
(staring at Gib)
I can't help myself.

She draws Jason closer and continues to watch Gib over Jason's shoulder.

LANCE

stands by the punchbowl. He grins at Gib and gives him the A-OK sign.

DANCEFLOOR

The band ends their fast ROCK AND ROLL TUNE with a couple of wicked guitar riffs then immediately shifts to a SLOW, ROMANTIC BALLAD. Couples start to entwine and slow dance. Gib glares at Lance, then separates himself from The Sure Thing.

GIB
(courteous)
Could you excuse me for a moment?
I have to go beat the shit out of
someone.

He storms over to Lance who greets him with a big grin.

LANCE
(checking his watch)
You're right on schedule. Is she
a sure thing or is she a sure thing
or what?

CONTINUED:

GIB
(furious)
What's the big idea? You know I'm not a VIRGIN!

Several people around the punchbowl look up at Gib with interest. Gib takes Lance by the collar and pushes him into a corner.

LANCE
(unfazed, shrugging)
So I exaggerated a little. She likes virgins. You wanna get some or not?

ALISON AND JASON

grind to the SLOW MUSIC. Alison peers over Jason's shoulder and sees Gib yelling at Lance. She tries to unpeel herself from Jason who kisses Alison on the neck and pulls her closer. He's beginning to get into it.

JASON
(softly, nuzzling Alison)
Shall we step outside for a little, uhh, moonlight?

Alison nods a little too forcefully. She's anxious to confront Gib.

ALISON
You start on the moonlight. I'll start on the punch and join you in a minute.

Jason touches her gently on the cheek.

JASON
(ardently)
I'll be waiting on the terrace.

LANCE AND GIB

Lance fixes his collar.

GIB
(still angry)
I've got a reputation to uphold! These things get around!

LANCE
Keep your skirt on, you're doing great! Excuse me, I think I see a sweet young thing having trouble with her sarong.
(pounds Gib on the back)
Keep up the good work! Remember, ten
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

LANCE (cont'd.)
minutes then ask her to sit down.

Lance exits. Gib turns away from the punchbowl in frustration.

THE SURE THING

waves playfully at him.

GIB

immediately turns back to the punchbowl and pours himself a stiff cupful. Alison sidles up next to him and serves herself.

ALISON
(bitingly)
Having fun?

Gib looks up at her, startled. He is unsettled by her but tries his best not to betray it.

GIB
(nonchalantly)
I'm doing okay.

ALISON
(pointedly)
Is that her?

GIB
(just as pointedly)
Is that him?

They glare at each other.

ALISON
I asked you first!

GIB
(offhandedly)
I don't know to whom you are referring.
Is that whom?

ALISON
You know, the...the...
(can't bring herself
to say it)
..."Betty!"

She gives him a withering look. Gib stares at his feet sheepishly.

ALISON
(disdainfully)
She's exactly what I expected.

(CONTINUED)

THE SURE THING

stands in her clinging sarong underneath a palm tree. She sees Gib, waves to him, then does a few provocative Hula moves. She's beautiful. Seductive. Arousing.

GIB

looks back at Alison.

GIB
And she's exactly what I expected!

ALISON
(ironically)
She's <u>soooo</u> intellectual.

GIB
Like Mr. Excitement over there? He even looks like a dachshund!

JASON

enters from outside and scans the room for Alison. He is puzzled when he sees Gib and Alison barking at each other.

GIB AND ALISON

ALISON
(indignant)
Jason is ten times the man you'll ever be. He's mature, sensitive, honest...

GIB
...loyal, obedient, housebroken!
(suddenly angry)
What's it to you, anyway? You've got a boyfriend!

ALISON
(momentarily flustered)
That's beside the point!

GIB
Is it?

They glare at each other. Jason approaches and puts his arm around Alison. He examines Gib warily.

JASON
Alison, do you know this guy?

ALISON
(bitterly)
I thought I did but I was wrong.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIB
(sharply)
Yeah, well, you're wrong about a lot of things!

ALISON
(gazes at Gib sadly)
C'mon, Jason, let's go to bed.

They start to walk away.

GIB
Careful Jason, she hogs all the blankets!

ALISON
Well, you snore!

GIB
Not tonight, I won't!

Jason and Alison disappear into the crowd. Gib stares after them then pours himself a cup of punch and downs it.

EXT. CAMPUS GREEN MINUTES LATER

A cool, crisp night. Alison walks quickly, still in a huff. Jason hurries to keep up with her.

ALISON
(in a frenzy)
He doesn't even know the girl!

JASON
How do you know that guy?

ALISON
It was all set up by his friend. He thinks love is something you can order on the phone--like a pizza!

JASON
How do you know if he snores?

ALISON
He's everything I hate. He's totally irresponsible. He always temporarily broke and permanently hungry!

JASON
(confused)
How does he know you hog the blankets?

ALISON
And then you wouldn't believe the crap he eats!

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

ALISON (cont'd.)
(vehemently)
Pink coconut sno-balls and beer for breakfast!

Jason stops for a moment and stares at Alison even more confused.

JASON
How do you know what he eats for breakfast?

Alison turns to Jason.

ALISON
I couldn't help it. You try spending five days on the road with a garbage dispose-all!

INT. PARTY, LANCE'S DORM NIGHT

The festivities rage on. Gib and The Sure Thing stand around the punchbowl. Gib thirstily consumes another cup of punch and then another as he lectures her.

GIB
The Voyager I and II, which were launched a month apart in 1977, were actually small space observatories which contained incredibly sophisticated instruments...

LANCE

motions to his watch from across the room, urging Gib to make the next move.

GIB AND THE SURE THING

GIB
...Things like cosmic ray detectors, infrared spectrometers, magnetometers--that sort of stuff. Would you like to sit down?

INT. PARTY, LANCE'S DORM NINE MINUTES AND FIFTY SECONDS LATER

Gib and The Sure Thing sit side by side on a couch.

GIB
These Voyagers are incredibly fast. Do you realize they travel ten times faster than a rifle bullet?

The alarm on Gib's watch starts to BEEP loudly, signalling that ten minutes have ellapsed. Gib switches the alarm off, then looks up at The Sure Thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SURE THING
What was that?

GIB
Oh nothing. Would you like to go back to Lance's room for a drink?

INT. LANCE'S ROOM LATER

It's dark. A stereo gushes ROMANTIC MUSIC.

Gib mixes two straight gins with a splash of soda. The Sure Thing sits on the bed, smiling at Gib. He hands her a drink, then sits down close to her. The Sure Thing sips her drink and grimaces.

GIB
You know, I've never met anyone like you before...

SURE THING
(sipping her drink)
What do you mean?

Gib moves closer to The Sure Thing and stares her in the face.

GIB
Usually when I meet a new girl, I feel shy, you know, awkward...

SURE THING
Oh. I know what you mean. I feel the same way when I meet a new guy.
(beat)
It happens all the time.

GIB
(under his breath)
I'll bet.

Gib places his hand on The Sure Thing's shoulder and rubs it gently. He looks deep into her eyes.

GIB
...But with you it's different...

The Sure Thing stares at Gib, totally absorbed. Gib inches closer to her.

GIB
...I can talk to you. You know what I'm thinking without my having to explain it to you in fancy terms...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SURE THING
(nodding)
I think we relate, you know, in a very interpersonal way.

Gib puts his other hand on her knee.

GIB
(softly)
...We speak each other's unspoken language...

He inches even closer to her and smiles seductively.

GIB
...Fluently...

SURE THING
I took French in high school.

Gib stares at her. She's so damn beautiful. They slowly lean toward each other and start to kiss gently. Gib pulls her to him tighter and they tumble to the floor.

They wrestle and crash into a bookshelf. They knock against a desk. Papers float in the air.

Gib tries desperately to undo her sarong. She slaps his hand away. They kiss hungrily. Gib reaches for her sarong again. She pushes him away and he smashes against another bookshelf. Books fly.

SURE THING
(gasping)
Wait a minute. I've lost an earring.

She starts to search for it on her hands and knees. Gib pauses for air then joins in the hunt. He finds it.

GIB
Is this it?

He hands it to her. She places it in her ear.

SURE THING
Thank you.
(demurely)
Now where were we?

Gib takes a deep breath, then lunges for her. She sidesteps him and he crashes against a chair, knocking it over. Gib shakes his head groggily. The Sure Thing laughs. Gib leaps for her. This time he doesn't miss. The wrestling match resumes.

INT. JASON'S ROOM NIGHT

Alison is in her nightgown. Jason wears pajamas. They get into bed. He takes her hand and places it on the flannel sheets.

JASON
See? Feel how soft they are.

Alison stares at the sheets blankly. Jason notes her listlessness.

JASON
(with forced lightness)
Why didn't you tell me about him earlier?

ALISON
(too vehemently)
Because he's not worth mentioning. He's just another creep!

She switches off the lights.

ALISON
Goodnight.

They lie still in the darkness. She is on her side with her back to him. He kisses the back of her neck. She doesn't respond. He turns her face toward his and kisses her again. Still no response.

JASON
It's okay, Allie, I'm here.
(strokes her hair)
Everything's going to be alright.

He nuzzles up against her. Alison moves away, pulling the blanket around her.

ALISON
Please Jason. It's been a long day.

Jason embraces her and tries to kiss her once more. Alison struggles, pushing him away.

ALISON
Jason! Jason, stop that!

Jason switches on the lights and stares at her angrily.

JASON
What did I do?

Alison turns to face him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON
I'm sorry Jason. I just need a little time. This whole thing's got me a bit shaken. Please try and be patient with me. I'll come around.

JASON
I've been trying to be patient ever since you got here. We haven't seen each other in six months. Under the circumstances, I think you're acting very strangely and, I might add, selfishly.

No response. A long pause.

JASON
(sharply)
Did you sleep with him?

Alison gives him a long searching look.

ALISON
(gently)
Why did you ask that?

JASON
He seems to be on your mind a lot and you're not the Alison I know. You can't sit still. You drink beer. You're pathetic at gin rummy. You want to go to parties. You want to dance. One minute you're affectionate, the next minute you're not.
(defeated)
I can't figure you out anymore.

A long pause.

ALISON
(in a faraway voice)
Well, if it makes you feel better, I can't figure me out anymore either.

Jason gazes at her, frustrated.

JASON
That's what I mean. You're not making any sense.

Another pause.

JASON
(softly)
Did you sleep with him?

CONTINUED:

ALISON
(her voice strained)
No.

Jason looks deep into her eyes.

JASON
Honest?

ALISON
Honest.

Jason isn't satisfied. Alison averts his gaze.

JASON
Do you love him?

A long pause. Alison starts to cry softly. Jason embraces her and strokes her hair.

JASON
(hoarsely)
I was afraid of that.

Alison buries her head in his shoulder and hugs him tightly.

ALISON
(through sobs)
Oh Jason, what are we going to do?

Jason rocks her back and forth.

JASON
(sadly)
What am I going to do?

INT. LANCE'S ROOM NIGHT

Gib lies on his back, staring blankly at the ceiling. The Sure Thing lies on her stomach, next to him. It's silent.

Gib is depressed. He doesn't have Alison. Looks like he's not going to get The Sure Thing. Some trip. He should have stayed back East.

GIB
(to himself, frustrated)
I give up!

The Sure Thing traces a finger softly across Gib's face.

SURE THING
Don't give up. You can't rush these things. It's got to be special.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

SURE THING (cont'd.)
You can't make the girl feel like it doesn't matter who she is.
(kisses him lightly)
Be tender. Romantic. It works better that way. Be honest.

She nestles up to him and nibbles gently on his ear. She unbuttons the first button of his shirt and whispers playfully.

SURE THING
Do you love me?

She unbuttons his second button. Gib stares at her, transfixed.

SURE THING
Do you love me?

She unbuttons his third button.

SURE THING
Do you love me?

Gib doesn't know how to respond. He just watches her, wordlessly. She reaches for his sarong. She hesitates.

SURE THING
Do you love me?

Gib looks down at her hands on his sarong. He smiles nervously. It's very tempting.

SURE THING
(softly)
Do you love me?

The moment of truth. She looks up at him, waiting for an answer. Gib opens his mouth to speak...

CUT TO:

EXT. GREEN, BROWN UNIVERSITY MORNING SPRING (3 MONTHS LATER)

It's a beautiful April morning. The green is crowded and full of life. A couple of guys toss a frisbee.

INT. CLASSROOM MORNING

Before freshman writing class. Gib sits alone in the room. He sits in the front row, intently proof-reading a paper he's written as he munches on a jelly donut.

Alison enters. She's usually the first to arrive. She's surprised to see Gib, but tries not to betray it. Gib sees her and smiles.

GIB
Good morning.

CONTINUED:

Alison doesn't respond. She sits down in the back row. Gib holds up the remains of his donut.

GIB
Want some?

She turns away.

GIB
(pleading)
Alison, it's been three months! You're going to have to talk to me sooner or later.

ALISON
(curtly)
No thank you.

Gib looks at his donut and frowns. He returns to his paper. The rest of the class starts to stream in. Will and some of the guys enter. Will spots Gib and sits down next to him.

WILL
Where you been hiding lately?
(laughs)
Man, you should have come to that party last night. All the girls were asking about you.

Gib continues reading his paper, ignoring Will.

WILL
It's true. They all said where's the guy with the little dick?

Gib doesn't look up. Will looks at him worriedly.

INT. CLASSROOM LATER

Professor Taub hands back a paper to Will.

TAUB
Congratulations, Mr. Garibaldi, you've failed with flying colors.
(turns to class)
Any other volunteers?

No response. Gib raises his hand.

TAUB
Yes, Mr. Gibson?

Gib holds up his paper. Taub takes it.

CONTINUED:

TAUB
Well, this is a pleasant surprise.
(reads aloud)
"The Sure Thing" by Walter Gibson.

Alison looks up with a start. Will turns to Gib.

WILL
(incredulous)
Walter?

Gib looks quickly at Alison. Taub continues reading.

TAUB
"When I was a young man of 18, I knew exactly what the ideal woman was. She was 5'6", had long, silky hair, a trim nubile..."
(quietly to herself, marking with a pencil)
Nubile, that's with a 'u."
(continues reading)
"Nubile body that really knew how to move and her skin was soft and deeply tanned..."

NANCY, Alison's friend, rolls her eyes in disgust.

NANCY
Gimme a break!

TAUB
"...She was the kind of girl who when you walk into a party with her, everyone turns around and notices..."

WILL
(grinning)
Oh yeah!

TAUB
"...I wasn't asking for much. Only that she be sensitive to all my needs. Most important of which would be she liked sex..."

One woman in the class HISSES softly. One of the guys punches another guy playfully in the shoulder.

TAUB
"...She would know she liked it and she would like it all the time. In other words, a sure thing..."

Several more women HISS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN #1
Pervert!

Alison glares at Gib. Gib stares down at his desk.

TAUB
"...Finally, one day I got my chance. I was with a sure thing. Everything was right. The girl was willing. The girl was beautiful. I even liked her..."

The men in the class grin wolfishly at each other.

TAUB
"...Things were going great. We were lying side by side on the floor after an energetic warm-up session if you get my meaning..."

The men CHUCKLE appreciatively. Alison stares at Gib angrily. The women HISS more.

TAUB
"...when she popped me the question. Do you love me? she asked."
(looks at Gib warily)
"In my long and checkered career, I must have told dozens of girls I loved them, many of them cheerleaders..."

WOMAN #2
Creep!

TAUB
"...If I thought it would the trick, I could say it as easily as 'Two Big Macs and a large order of fries, please'..."

The men LAUGH.

TAUB
"...Do you love me? she asked again."
(beat)
"All I had to do was say it; pick door number one, say 'I love you,' and get the gorgeous girl for one unforgettable night..."

Alison looks at Gib with interest. More HISSING.

TAUB
(theatrically)
"Do you love me?"
(beat)
"I liked her. A lot. I was attracted
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

TAUB (cont'd.)
"to her even more. With a body like that, it was hard not to. I liked her. I wanted her. I needed her. But love her? Hell, I had just met her..."

The men double-up in LAUGHTER. The HISSING slowly stops.

TAUB
"Do you love me?"
(beat)
"I didn't know why it happened just then. God knows I didn't want it to happen. I could have kicked myself. But suddenly I realized that what she was asking was a very, very serious question. Probably the most important question a person could ask."
(beat)
"Do you love me?"

Suddenly, the room is dead silent. There is a long dramatic pause. The guys lean forward in anticipation. So do the women. Alison leans forward, watching Gib fixedly. Gib stares down at his desk.

TAUB
(softly and dramatically)
"I said no."

Pandemonium! The men BOO loudly. The women CHEER. Alison's expression softens. She gazes gently at Gib. He looks up at her and smiles.

WILL
(to Gib, outraged)
TRAITOR!!

TAUB
(to Gib, with a slight smile)
A point well-taken, Mr. Gibson.

NANCY
(to Will)
ASSHOLE!!

The men start to pelt Gib with papers. The BOOING grows louder. Alison and Gib stare at each other, oblivious to the turmoil around them.

ALISON
(to Gib)
YOU DIDN'T SLEEP WITH HER?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIB
(offhandedly)
So how's Jason?

Around them, the chaos continues.

WILL
(to Gib)
WIMP!!

NANCY
(to Will)
PIG!!

Gib and Alison stand and slowly work their way through the crowd towards each other.

ALISON
We broke up.

GIB
(delighted)
That's terrible!

The NOISE builds to a ROAR. The whole class is debating the issue.

WILL
(to Nancy)
She wanted it! It was his responsibility!!

NANCY
(to Will)
But he didn't love her!!

Alison and Gib come face to face.

ALISON
(softly)
You didn't sleep with her?

Gib stares at his feet, then looks up at her, smiling sheepishly.

GIB
She wasn't my type.

Meanwhile, around them, the battle rages on.

WILL
(to Nancy)
That's Love. This is Sex!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NANCY
They're the same thing in my book!

Will looks at her, recognition beginning to dawn on his furrowed brow. He smiles sweetly at her. She smiles back.

GIB AND ALISON

stare at each other wordlessly.

GIB
(weakly)
Alison?

ALISON
Yes?

Gib hesitates. His mouth is dry. Alison looks at him curiously. Gib stares at his feet again.

GIB
Alison--I've never met a girl like you before. Usually when I meet a girl I'm different, but with you I'm awkward...

He grimaces. Alison restrains a laugh. Around them, the class is beginning to settle down.

GIB
(still staring at his feet)
That's not what I meant to say.
(tries again)
Usually when I meet a girl I'm awkward, but with you it's different...

He looks up at her nervously. The whole class watches them, listening attentively.

GIB
Do you know what I'm trying to say?

Alison shakes her head. She knows but she wants to hear him say it.

The room is quiet. The class waits, totally absorbed.

GIB
Alison...Alison...I love you.

He means it for the first time in his life. And we can tell.

Suddenly, the whole class starts to APPLAUD wildly. The men. The women. Will. Nancy. Professor Taub. Everybody.

Gib and Alison smile at each other, lost in their own world.

EXT. LIBRARY ENTRANCE NIGHT

A crowd has assembled in front of the library. They look up at the roof. Will and Nancy, their arms around each other, stand near the front.

WILL
There's two people up there!

NANCY
It looks like they're struggling or something!

MACK, the security guard from before, pushes through the crowd and races inside.

EXT. ROOF

The trapdoor pops open. Mack's eyes peer through the crack. He sees:

GIB AND ALISON

sitting against a wall, kissing tenderly.

MACK

smiles, then slowly retreats, the trapdoor closing silently after him.

GIB AND ALISON

kiss, then turn to gaze at:

THE STARS

twinkling in the night.

--THE END--